THE LIVING AGE

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for December, 1930

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

NO MORE fitting message to our time and country has come our way of late than the concluding words of Mr. Thomas W. Lamont's address to the American Academy of Political Science. To readers of THE LIVING AGE they will have a special significance:—

'As I look across the Atlantic and see the slow and patient upbuilding of a war-torn Europe, as I see the resolution and the courage with which our brethren overseas have undertaken problems infinitely more critical than our own, as I turn again to America and witness the spirit of steadfastness and coöperation which our own community is showing in its difficulties, I have come to believe that Isaiah must have been a prophet of our own day and generation when he said: "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."'

AT THE same moment that Frédéric Lefèvre's interview with Erich Remarque appears in our pages, the second novel by the author of *All Quiet on the Western Front* is making its début. This coincidence, however, is by no means the only reason that we are giving prominence to Herr Remarque's views. As M. Lefèvre points out, this is a critical moment in the history of Europe and the most widely read author now living has words of encouragement that will command attention in every land. But what is perhaps most important of all is that M. Lefèvre successfully imparts to his readers the unique and almost unknown qualities of one of the great personalities in the world to-day.

EVERY WEEK Hans Zehrer writes an amazingly comprehensive survey of world events for the *Vossische Zeitung* and much more rarely he contributes a thoughtful dissertation on the meaning of the numberless occurrences which it is his business to follow. In common with many other shrewd observers—including Signor Mussolini—Herr Zehrer has come to the conclusion that a recrudescence of nationalism is now in progress. He expresses the conviction that the German elections, the American tariffs, and the carefully integrated colonial development of France—to mention but three manifestations—represent a tendency that will continue for decades. Six months ago, in another article that we also translated, he prophesied a new era of international coöperation, since that was the atmosphere of the moment, and we therefore pass on his latest utterance with the suggestion that its significance is momentary in spite of the air of profundity with which he speaks.

BENJAMIN CRÉMIEUX happened to be passing through Buenos Aires and Rio at the time of the recent revolutions. As a professional man of letters he must have been delighted to have such excellent material served up to him, as it were, on a platter, and he has taken advantage of the opportunity to give a very human picture of the 1930 style of street fighting. He devotes most of his attention to the Argentine and is only able to give the background of the Brazilian *coup d'état*, which did not occur with dramatic suddenness in the streets of the capital city, but which resulted from a long economic depression in the provinces.

MAURICE GEROTHWOHL is a British diplomatic correspondent of the old school. His contributions to the *Daily Telegraph* command international attention, especially in France, where he is regarded as a kind of unofficial spokesman for the British Foreign Office and as a particular friend of Italy.

(*Continued on page 439*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

December, 1930 *Volume 339, Number 4371*

The World Over

IF ANY IMPORTANCE at all can be attached to the public utterances of the leaders of European opinion, Germany will survive a critical winter quite safely. The past few weeks have been marked by a truly international campaign of reassurance that started among German liberals, spread to England, and finally even made a conquest of France. Theodor Wolff's proclamation, translated in full in our last issue under the title, 'The Republic Will Live,' has now been followed up by a similar appeal from Thomas Mann, and even the National Socialists have made some amazingly docile statements. An entire issue of THE LIVING AGE could hardly contain the full documents of this campaign, but we can at least present a number of significant quotations.

France provided a powerful impetus in the form of an open letter to the German intellectuals written by Gerard Bauer, Berlin correspondent of the nationalistic *Echo de Paris*, who urged the spokesmen of the new Germany to repudiate Hitler. M. Bauer addressed himself to such peace-loving Germans as Ludwig, Keyserling, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Jakob Wassermann, and Ernst Glaeser, and he chose to regard the speech subsequently delivered in Berlin by Thomas Mann as a more or less adequate reply. Here was the climax of Herr Mann's 'Appeal to Reason,' as he called it:—

> In all discussions of the fate of Europe, in all attempts to reduce international tension, France puts forward first of all the thesis of security. Because certain

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> Frenchmen interested in German intellectual life may listen to my words I wish to point out that the moral health of the German people is the best security France can obtain. The whole world recognizes that this health has been threatened by a general crisis both political and economic, and that unreasonable peace terms have aggravated Germany's condition still further. Let France agree, like a civilized, sensible people, to a discussion of the worst points of a treaty that was doomed to break down from the very day it was written.

A leading editorial in *Le Populaire*, organ of the French Socialist Party, emphasized that the salvation of Germany lies in the hands of the Social Democrats and even *Le Temps*, a strictly conservative journal, announced that 'the most elementary political reasoning demands the election of the Socialist candidate to the Presidency of the Reichstag.' *Le Populaire* draws this moral from the present state of affairs: 'The only men, the only doctrine, and the only party in Germany, as in the rest of the world, that are capable of reducing militarism and reaction to impotence and of guaranteeing peace, in other words, civilization, are the Socialists, their doctrine, and their party. This is true not only for Germany, but for all countries.'

M. GUSTAVE HERVÉ of *La Victoire* provided a more amusing episode in Franco-German relations. Addressing an open telegram to Hitler, Hugenberg, and Commander Seldte of the German Steel-Helmet organization, this rabid patriot and former German-baiter suggested a political and military alliance between France and Germany offering to give Germany the Danzig Corridor and the Saar Valley, and to permit a union with Austria. Hitler received this suggestion with delight, printing a facsimile of Hervé's telegram on the front page of his newspaper. But his reply itself says that the statement would be more encouraging had it come from the French Government. Hitler admits that no reasonable German regards the present state of Franco-German relations as satisfactory and then he asks two definite questions—why ought there to be a military alliance between France and Germany, and against whom would it be directed? He declares that the National Socialists wish to live in peace with the rest of Europe and asks whether Hervé's proposal means that France no longer believes in the League of Nations. In conclusion, he asserts that it is less important for Germany to have a bigger army than it is for France to have a smaller one.

MUCH MORE to the point as far as National Socialist policy is concerned is a speech delivered before the Reichstag by Herr Strasser, one of the National Socialist deputies, who said:—

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We don't want reaction, and we don't want a planless revolution, but we want a new order of things. We don't want civil war, but the maintenance and development of the healthy forces of the nation. We don't want persecution of the Jews, but only the elimination of the Jews from German life. We don't want a fresh war, for Europe and the world can be restored to health only if the mutual relationships of the old leading civilized nations become healthy. But we shall not shrink from war if the mobilization of German force should prove the only means to restore German freedom.

We don't advocate a senseless arming, but we demand from the other nations that they shall fulfill their old pledges and disarm. So long as they arm, we demand that the German nation shall protect itself. We demand the rehabilitation of German honor. The false path must be retraced from the Young Plan back to the Versailles Treaty, which is immoral and null. It is based on violence. It is also impossible of fulfillment, and therefore immoral. The Constitution of the Reich and of the states will be respected by us. We demand, however, from those Constitutions that they shall be moral.

British observers in Germany take a particularly hopeful view. A correspondent of the *Week-end Review* writes:—

There is far less desire for 'the strong man' in Germany than is generally supposed. A dictatorship for its own sake is ardently solicited by only a few. But it is desired by very many as a means of breaking, or at least checking, the Socialists. For one purpose or another it is probably wanted, or at least not repudiated, by most Germans, indeed by almost all except the Socialists. Once the Socialists withdraw their support from the Brüning Government it will be impossible to find a majority for any Government unless the 'Nazis' take their share of power. In either case a dictatorship would be likely. With no way of forming a majority in Parliament, it would seem the easiest and perhaps the only method of running the country; or, with the 'Nazis' sharing in the power, the temptation to consolidate that power and give it rigidity and permanence would perhaps be too great to be resisted.

Should a dictatorship come it will not be a military one, if we are to believe Kenneth L. Macassey of the *Sunday Times*, who insists that the vast majority of Germans hold the men of 1914 responsible for all subsequent disasters. He also finds that the attitude of defeatism is disappearing:—

For the last six years the spirit of 'defeatism' has been gradually passing away. The country, inherently virile, is seeking to reassert its national personality. There is a longing, if not for a 'place in the sun,' at least for a place above ground. The process is inevitable, and was clearly visible in France after 1870. It is the desire of a nation to regain her normal level. It is a seeking after national self-respect, and patriotism need not be synonymous with Jingoism. The greatest disservice that can be done to the cause of European peace is for foreigners to portray the whole of Germany as imbued with the spirit of 1914. In this connection foreign statesmen might well copy Bismarck himself, who made every effort to restore French self-respect after 1870, conscious as he was of the fact that nothing is more dangerous to the peace of Europe than a nation laboring under an inferiority complex.

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For our own part we should be inclined to hazard this guess as to the next few months in Germany. Danger of a reactionary *coup d'état* exists, but the strongest insurance against it is that the reactionaries fear they could not maintain themselves in power and that they would merely clear the way for Communism. And this is the last thing under heaven to commend itself to a party which draws most of its funds from the ex-Kaiser.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT begins its winter labors in an unhappy frame of mind. Respect for politicians has almost reached the vanishing point, not only as a result of the present Government's failure to remedy unemployment but also because the Tories are divided among themselves. Stanley Baldwin is now a marked man and he has failed so utterly to hold his followers together that they have no disposition to risk a general election until some powerful figure can assume control. Lord Beaverbrook has counted strongly in a negative way, his campaign for Empire free trade having probably won over a majority of the rank and file. But Beaverbrook is not wholly trusted in the upper and inner circles, partly because of his newspaper connections and partly because his plans for giving trade preferences to the Dominions would inevitably damage the enormous business England still does abroad. British investors draw substantial dividends on investments made in foreign companies and in British companies doing business on foreign soil—notably in South America—and it would be the purest folly to cut off these sources of revenue simply to satisfy the whim of a press lord who seeks to gain political advantage from what is essentially a newspaper stunt. In spite, therefore, of the general dissatisfaction, we find the *Times* urging that MacDonald remain in power simply because his departure could only mean something worse:—

> It may, at first sight, appear to argue the bankruptcy of our politics that, after the Socialist Party has so greatly encouraged the view that it is unfit to govern, the other parties should show that they are unfit even to fight; but there are reasons transcending those of domestic politics why the Government should remain in office for a longer period than the hotheads would willingly concede. They have not yet failed at everything to which they set their hand. The process of popular education in the limitations of Government action, rapid as it has been during these last eighteen months, is still far less complete than it may seem at Westminster. In any case a change of government in the middle of an imperial conference and on the eve of the Indian Round-Table Conference would be undesirable to the last degree. There is everything to be said for allowing the present Administration to complete the full circle of opportunity unhandicapped by the kind of factious opposition to which a party government is normally exposed. However irritating this restraint may be to their critics, it will prove in the end to serve the national interest best.

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FRESH INFORMATION regarding the decline of British world trade has appeared in a monthly supplement to the London *Economist*, written by Mr. A. Loveday, head of the Economic and Intelligence Service of the League of Nations. Mr. Loveday brings forward many columns of figures to indicate that the proportion of British exports has been diminishing. Here, for instance, is one of his tables, together with the moral that he draws from it:—

PERCENTAGE SHARE IN WORLD * EXPORTS (BY VALUE)

	1913	1924	1925	1927	1928
United Kingdom	13.94	13.01	12.16	11.36	11.20
Germany	13.11	5.73	6.81	8.00	8.83
France	7.24	7.98	7.24	7.13	6.40
Italy	2.60	2.30	2.37	2.65	2.43
Sweden	1.19	1.23	1.19	1.43	1.34
Denmark	0.93	1.22	1.23	1.27	1.31
Belgium	(*a*)	2.37	2.24	2.43	2.67
Europe	55.20	45.20	44.10	46.10	46.00

* The Netherlands are omitted owing to the fact that their pre- and post-war statistics are not comparable. (*a*) Not available.

Neither France, Germany, nor Italy has so large a share in the trade of the world as in 1913. But, since 1924, Germany and Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Belgium have improved their position—Germany very substantially—while the share of the United Kingdom has sunk from over 13 to 11.2 per cent. Germany, it is true, was making a partial recovery from the very low status to which inflation and political difficulties had reduced her. But the figures for the other countries show that it was not simply due to the automatic reactions of this recovery on the percentages of the remaining members of the group that the British decline is to be attributed. About half the decline in the French share in 1928 is due simply to a change in the manner of compiling the statistics. The figure for Europe includes Russia; but Europe in spite of this has suffered a smaller reduction in her share of world trade than has the United Kingdom.

Of course a considerable quantity of this trade has been lost to the United States and to Japan, for it will be seen that neither France nor Germany is actually in much better condition than the British. Mr. Loveday, however, urges wholesale reorganization and gives an impressive outline of the present position:—

Scrapping demands the courage to scrap, and reorganization the courage possibly even to sacrifice overdrafts. England in the nineteenth century evolved an economy of maximum profits derived from maximum risks. She can scarcely feed four persons in ten of her population; she is dependent on foreign sources for a very large proportion of her raw material requirements. Her imports of food stuffs in 1928 amounted to £531 millions and of raw materials to £335 millions, a total of £866 millions—while the value of her total exports was only £724 millions. She is dependent, not for her prosperity but for her existence, on the sales of her manufactures abroad. She is dependent, therefore, on a

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changing foreign demand, over which she can have no control, for which she can find no substitute.

The *Economist* itself does not take so dark a view. It points out that if Mr. Loveday had continued his story through 1929 he would have uncovered some more hopeful information. Also he does not mention that the British share in world trade has been falling off steadily for the past fifty years as other countries have become commercially and financially developed.

WHAT WAS, perhaps, the most important incident of the recent meeting of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament has been generally overlooked by the press of this country. For the first time in many years, the United States abandoned its isolation, and undertook to intervene in a diplomatic quarrel between two European nations. Ambassador Hugh S. Gibson, acting upon President Hoover's orders, told the French and Italian delegations at Geneva that we wished them to end their naval rivalry, and apparently went so far as to suggest the precise terms on which we thought they might agree. Abroad, it is believed that Mr. Gibson's *démarche* was made at the request of England. The British fear for the London Naval Treaty. If France increases its submarine fleet, the sea lords of the British Admiralty are certain to demand that the Treaty be revised upward, in order that England may reply. The United States has now made it plain that it would regard any attempt by either France or Italy to disturb the present naval *status quo* with an unfriendly eye. Political observers on the Continent consider Ambassador Gibson's intervention as fresh proof that England and the United States are working in close coöperation, and that the 'Anglo-Saxon Entente' will become a permanent factor—and a very vital one—in international affairs.

ALMOST ALONE among modern nations, Great Britain has successfully assimilated her Jewish citizens. Not only does she offer them unlimited opportunities, but she has reaped many rich rewards from their labors. In the nineteenth century Disraeli and in the twentieth century Lord Reading rose to the respective posts of Prime Minister and Indian Viceroy, and many others of their race have distinguished themselves in other fields. But even British tolerance has its limits, and as a result of Lord Passfield's 'Statement of Policy' on the Palestine Mandate, Zionist leaders all over the world feel that finally even their British friends have let them down. They refuse to believe that the Arabs, whose rights the Balfour Declaration of 1917 clearly recognized,

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are going to suffer from continued Jewish immigration, and Dr. Chaim Weizmann, head of the Zionist movement, has resigned his post in disgust.

It is not within our province to weigh the merits of the case, but we have encountered several relevant side lights in the foreign press. Last July, for instance, the *National Review* of London, a strongly die-hard organ, printed a long justification of the Shaw Report on Palestine. This report, prepared under the supervision of the MacDonald Government, laid some of the blame for last year's riots at the Wailing Wall on the Jews, a conclusion that the *National Review* applauded because, as an imperialist mouthpiece, it sets a high value on retaining the good will of Mohammedans in all parts of the world. Not only did the Arabs aid England in breaking the power of Turkey during the War, but the support of their coreligionists in India helps to sustain British rule. Yet the MacDonald Government was probably less influenced by considerations of this nature than by genuine concern for the distress of the Palestine Arabs.

For even the original Balfour Declaration was not a spontaneous outburst of pro-Jewish sympathy, framed as it was by a Conservative ex-prime minister mindful of Indian affairs. Furthermore, Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin*, has maliciously recalled another article published in the *National Review* which revealed that in 1916 Dr. Weizmann received from the British Government, in return for a valuable war-time chemical discovery he had made, a promise that England would take under its protection a national home for the Jews in Palestine and M. Lauzanne takes pains to point out that the British thus gained, in addition to Dr. Weizmann's discovery, the support of Jews all over the world. With nationalist sentiment awakening throughout the Orient, most Englishmen evidently feel that their ambitions in that quarter had best be modified and that the good will of the Jews is now a more valuable international force than that of the Mohammedans. In any event, Stanley Baldwin, Lloyd George, and Sir Austen Chamberlain have all protested against the MacDonald Government's Palestine policy. Only certain die-hard Tories who still think in terms of Kipling imperialism, and certain Laborites who believe that the rights of Arab peasants are as important as the claims of Jewish immigrants, support Lord Passfield.

A FEATURED ARTICLE in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, signed by three asterisks but supposedly written by General Weygand, goes far toward explaining the increasing fear that certain Frenchmen now feel of a German attack. The writer attributes his country's suspicions to Germany's failure to recognize what a notable sign of good will the

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French gave when they evacuated the Rhineland before the date stipulated in the Versailles Treaty. He then goes on to make a surprisingly favorable report on the condition of Germany, asserting that the extravagance of the Socialists is chiefly responsible for the country's present condition. Incidentally, another French writer, Wladimir d'Ormesson, points out that the Young-Plan annuities consume only some $400,000,000 out of a $6,320,000,000 national budget. But what causes most alarm is Germany's military strength. Although the *Reichswehr* numbers only 100,000 men, the addition of 80,000 who have already served in its ranks, 50,000 from the *Schutzpolizei*, and 100,000 civilians as drivers, cooks, and so forth would bring the total up to 330,000. Then, on top of these, there are 2,000,000 war veterans, and though their numbers are diminishing the number of troops trained in the *Reichswehr* is increasing at the rate of 80,000 a year. And, finally, there is a supremely efficient staff of officers.

We pass on these figures not because of their intrinsic importance but because they have aroused marked nervousness in French military circles. The anonymous contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* wrote too soon to be able to refer to an impressive series of articles prepared for *Le Matin* describing the immense ring of fortifications that has been built at fabulous expense to protect the vital parts of France. Nor does he explain how a country in which the Socialist Party is the most powerful political group and the Communist group the third most powerful can undertake a foreign war at a time when it needs foreign loans to meet even its peace-time obligations.

ON THE EIGHTH anniversary of the Fascist March on Rome Mussolini lent his powerful voice to the service of an idea that we broached in these columns last month and that Hans Zehrer discusses at greater length in this issue. Recognizing that several European countries have begun to swing away from Socialism, the Duce has now gone back on a statement he made last June when he asserted that Fascism was not an article for export. Perhaps domestic troubles have again compelled him to say rather more than he really means, but perhaps, too, the present condition of Europe has made him change his mind. The latter possibility seems to be the one favored by Auguste Gauvain, chief political writer on the *Journal des Débats*, who asserts that 'no head of a nation or government, not even Bismarck or William II, has ever used such language.' He then summarizes Mussolini's speech at length and comes to this conclusion:—

> Mussolini bitterly criticized the measures of defense that Italy's neighbors have taken along their frontiers, fabricating his charges as circumstances dictate.

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> His criticism applies directly to the labors we have undertaken in the Alps, labors undertaken all too late and only after we had been forced to take heed of certain sad realities. Such a speech cannot be discussed. It is enough to point out its essential features to make its character clear.

The British press is certainly correct in pointing out that the tension between France and Italy is not so serious as M. Gauvain seems to believe, but there is a growing tendency among Conservatives to take Mussolini seriously. The *Saturday Review* makes this comment:—

> The plain truth is that Europe to-day is drifting to war, and that her statesmen in their own hearts are well aware of it. No single nation, least of all our own, wishes it, but none, with the exception of Italy, has a leader with sufficient courage to say what the position really is. We have often disagreed with Signor Mussolini in the past, and we see no reason to suppose that we shall not on occasion differ from him in the future, but in the present instance we frankly recognize that he has performed mankind a definite service of the very first importance in calling attention to the dangerous condition of the world to-day. *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*, and it is a hopeful sign that there is, at least, one sane man among those who control the destinies of humanity in this third decade of the twentieth century.

BULGARIA has a new queen, the twenty-year-old Italian princess, Giovanna. While the marriage ceremony was being performed, in the glorious old chapel of Saint Francis, at Assisi, she wept softly. Few royal marriages, in recent years, have been performed more hastily, and seldom has there been less pretense of love on either side. According to the European press, a foreign marriage was needed to shore up Bulgaria's rickety throne, and Giovanna was selected as the sacrifice. Tiny Bulgaria has been badly hit by the business slump. A generation ago, Sofia was a gay, proud, wealthy city, the acknowledged capital of the Balkans. To-day its people are near starvation, and attempts at revolution have filled its jails with political prisoners. Bulgaria is ringed around by hostile neighbors—thanks partly to the Macedonian terrorists who make Sofia their headquarters. In bringing home an Italian princess, King Boris gives proof to his subjects that he has secured for them a powerful ally. Among the wretched peasants of the Bulgarian hills, there is great rejoicing. To them a bachelor king has always seemed an offense against the laws of God and man. The Metropolitan of Sofia quaintly expressed their feeling when he told King Boris: 'Now your Majesty has laid the foundations for a dynasty.'

THE INHABITANTS of the Polish Ukraine have their own language and institutions, and they have bitterly resisted all attempts of Marshal

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Pilsudski to make 'good Poles' of them. Stories now reaching Berlin, Paris, and London of the Polish Government's recent 'punitive expeditions' to the Ukraine make unusually painful reading. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—

> On the 16th [of September] some Polish cavalrymen arrived in the village of Gajda, near Lemberg. On the way there they had caught some peasants who were going to work in the fields and beat them unmercifully. They commandeered a large quantity of food stocks. They caught a number of peasants—men, women, and children—and beat each one in turn until the victim lost consciousness. Cold water was then thrown over him, and the beating was sometimes renewed when consciousness returned. . . .
>
> On the 22nd and 23rd detachments of armed foot police invaded the village of Kupczyńce near Tarnopol, demolished the coöperative store and the reading room and smashed the instruments belonging to the village orchestra. Many of the villagers were beaten. A peasant named Teodor Czajkowski was beaten to death in the village of Dolzance. On the 23rd the police arrived at Pokropiwna. Many of the peasants were seized and compelled to kiss 'the Polish soil' and to utter insults about 'Mother Ukraine.' Wlodzimierz Kril was so beaten that his life is in danger. Many peasants were so covered with blood and bruises after the beatings that they were hardly recognizable.

It is only necessary to add that the status of these people as a national minority is supposedly guaranteed by international treaty, and that they have repeatedly, and in vain, appealed for the protection of the League of Nations.

WHAT IT IS that sustains the Soviet Government in power must be a growing source of mystery to readers of the London *Times*, who have been unceasingly regaled for the past ten years with positive assurances that Russia is on the verge of collapse. Just recently, for instance, three successive issues featured a series of articles by 'A Correspondent' who claims that he 'was able to collect at first hand some rank-and-file opinions on the régime and its policies.' He begins with the usual insulting remarks on all other visitors to Russia, giving us to understand that he is almost the only foreigner who has entered the country since the revolution with a full command of its language. He then describes some half dozen conversations he had with people in railway carriages, asserts that ten per cent of the population are ruling the remaining ninety per cent, prophesies the collapse of the Five-Year Plan, and hints darkly of war by 1935.

Much more attention should be attached to quite a different pronouncement on Russia made in the conservative *Week-end Review* by young John Strachey, a Laborite Member of Parliament just back from a visit to the land of the Soviets. As the son of the late editor of the

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Spectator, a man who used to dine with the King, exchange letters with Theodore Roosevelt, and hobnob with the good and great of two continents, Mr. Strachey has behind him the best kind of background Great Britain can offer, but like Sir Oswald Mosley, another reformed aristocrat, he feels that the future lies with the Labor Party, to whose service he brings the instincts and abilities of a born member of the ruling class. With that sure flair for commercial advantage which for centuries has helped maintain British supremacy, he arrives at these conclusions on the subject of Russian trade:—

> The important thing to realize is that the Russian question, so far as Great Britain is concerned, is rapidly ceasing to be a political question in the narrow sense at all. The relevant question is not whether you are pro- or anti-Bolshevist. That to-day is largely academic. The question is whether you realize that the one great remaining chance for our export trade is the Russian market, which over the next twenty years is going to become by far the greatest single market in the world, that the opportunity will not last forever—it must be lost or taken—and that the decision will soon have to be made.

His moral is not without interest to American manufacturers eager to dispose of their surplus wares abroad.

BUT VISITING Englishmen, no matter what their political affiliations may be, are not the only people worth listening to in regard to Russia. Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, has written a thoughtful dispatch on the chances of the Five-Year Plan. He points out that the third year, which begins next January, will be the vital one and prophesies that the plan will stand or fall on the labor shortage, especially the shortage of skilled labor. He reports that jobs are so easily to be had that a new type of Russian workingman has developed, who wanders about the country trying his hand at various trades, incessantly impelled by insufficient nourishment. In regard to skilled labor Herr Basseches has this to say:—

> The labor problem will, as everyone recognizes, become increasingly serious as far as the Five-Year Plan is concerned. The country will inevitably be compelled to resort more and more to forced and conscript labor, as was done during the period of war-time Communism. But we have had more than enough experience with the results of compulsory labor of this kind and some other solution must be found. The shortage of agricultural labor is especially great. In the Ukraine and in the big cities of Kharkov, Kiev, Odessa, and Ekaterinoslav, seven hundred doctors have been mobilized to visit the villages. Any doctor who will not obey orders is expelled from his union and eventually loses his medical diploma. Engineers lost their freedom of movement long ago and are compelled to stick to their posts until the Five-Year Plan is put through. The authorities have posted great placards proclaiming: 'Down with the greedy who speculate on the labor shortage.'

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MR. ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, chief correspondent in India for the Conservative *Daily Telegraph*, has returned to London to report the Round-Table Conference, and by way of warming to his task he has written a series of six articles criticizing the MacDonald Government's handling of the Indian situation. He despises the followers of Gandhi, asserts that the campaign of civil disobedience is leading to open rebellion, and urges the British to adopt strong methods at once. He quotes a recent letter from a friend in Bombay who reports that business is paralyzed and then he devotes considerable space to indicating the many weaknesses of Lord Irwin and to criticizing the obsolete methods of government. Finally, he proves conclusively that there is no chance whatever of the Conference's producing an agreed report and leaves his readers' eyes so blurred with tears that many of them no doubt miss his final paragraph:—

> The British case has everything to gain and nothing to lose in these open discussions. If the Conference breaks up without arriving at any agreement, the hands of the British Government of the future will be strengthened in dealing with the Indian situation. We shall have done all we ever promised, no one will be able to question our bona fides, and should the politicians in India be unable to find a solution for themselves, we can always fall back on the recommendations of the Simon Commission.

It will be remembered that the Simon Report won the hearty approval of the Tories, who, unless all signs fail, will return to power in good time to guard British interests in India.

IN OUR OCTOBER issue we printed a leading editorial from the *Japan Advertiser* entitled 'Hoover and Manila' which praised the Washington Administration for appointing Nicholas Roosevelt vice governor of the Philippines. Shortly after this editorial appeared Mr. Roosevelt declined the post because his hostility to Philippine independence, which he had frequently expressed in print, was arousing widespread opposition in the Far East. The *China Weekly Review*, a Shanghai publication edited by Americans and representing a point of view distinctly favorable to autonomous rule throughout the Orient, prophesies that the episode will result in further demands for Philippine independence:—

> An element in the Roosevelt incident which is of general interest throughout the Orient has to do with Roosevelt's well known views on the relations of Western nations toward Far Eastern dependencies. Roosevelt was, and is, a great admirer of the old European, or rather British, attitude toward colonial dependencies. This was evidenced in practically all of his writings and declara-

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tions, his most recent book dealing with Anglo-American relations in the Pacific being a plea for an Anglo-American alliance or at least naval understanding in the Pacific. Roosevelt was honestly and frankly conservative in his views regarding the necessity for Western resistance to the independence demands of Oriental peoples, hence his advocacy of Anglo-American coöperation on this point. He thus became the victim of his own views on these matters when he permitted his name to be considered as a candidate for governor of the Philippines. The withdrawal of his name will naturally have the effect of stimulating the Filipinos to even greater exertion on the independence question.

The same paper also asserts that the State Department opposed Mr. Roosevelt's nomination because, when Mr. Stimson had occupied the post of governor general, he had allowed the natives more freedom than Mr. Roosevelt would be inclined to favor.

THE APPROACH of winter always brings a truce to China's endless wars, which have now been going on so long that only two leaders survive, Chang Hsueh-liang, the Manchurian Marshal, and Chiang Kai-shek, Commander of the Nationalists, who have now come to an agreement. The *Japan Advertiser* expresses high hopes for the future. It asserts that China can never become unified, but that a loose federation between its northern and southern factions will satisfy local ambitions and at the same time present a united front to other countries. It is toward such a federation than Chiang and Chang are now working. The *Japan Advertiser* also congratulates the State Department at Washington for having followed the lead of the British and for having announced itself as prepared to submit definite proposals to China looking to the eventual relinquishment of American extraterritoriality rights. There are, however, at least two foreign correspondents on the spot who do not seem to share the *Japan Advertiser's* optimism. Mr. Hallett Abend of the *New York Times* has written a book called *Tortured China* which gives an appallingly gruesome account of the present condition of the country, and Arnaldo Cipolla, a veteran Italian newspaper man, has written a series of articles accusing the Nationalist Government under Chiang Kai-shek of barbarous cruelty and of secretly playing into the hands of the Communists.

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Here are words of moment. The editor of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* trespasses on an intimacy of long standing to give the first account ever published of a conversation with Erich Remarque.

An Hour *with* Erich Remarque

By FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, has never given an interview and never will give one. He has, however, repeated several times in a way that honors me and fills me with confusion that if he ever breaks his self-imposed rule it will be in my favor, but I do not believe that day will ever come.

Remarque loves France and Paris and he visits our country from time to time. Since he is my friend we see each other and converse together at length. In speaking to me, however, he regards me as a friend and not as the editor in chief of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, so that if I write down word for word one of our most recent conversations I am perhaps betraying his friendship and probably laying myself open to his vehement reproaches. But I am sure, in any event, that I am not betraying his thought. Moreover, I believe it a duty at the present hour, which is so serious for all of Europe, to bring forward a decisive piece of testimony in the cause of peace and international understanding by repeating some of the noble declarations made by an author who to-day possesses the greatest audience in the entire world.

One day, not long ago, Remarque was engaged in a very animated conversation with our mutual friend, Friedrich Hirth, who was about to publish a book entitled *Hitler, or The Unchained Warrior*. These two Germans, Remarque and Hirth, were discussing that great apostle of Franco-German *rapprochement*, Heinrich Heine, whose works Hirth has edited. When I entered, Hirth exclaimed, 'Ah, here is Frédéric Lefèvre. He is the man who ought to give us an

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impartial, living biography of Heine by way of just reparation to a great poet who has fallen victim to the injustices and inaccuracies of Camille Mauclair.'

'Never mind Camille Mauclair,' I replied. 'Subjects of a more palpitating interest solicit our attention. On the day when Hirth, the political historian, publishes his work on Hitler, I should like his friend Remarque, who has just arrived from Germany, to express a contrasting opinion on this strange character.'

'You're on the wrong track, Lefèvre,' said Remarque. 'I have no opinion of Hitler. I know nothing about him. I never occupy myself with political questions. Through honesty. For I believe that politics is such a vast, complicated, and difficult domain that one has to be a politician alone to start adventuring in that direction. For my part, I am trying to be only a writer. Furthermore, I believe that a man who loves justice above all things cannot be a politician, since politics is chiefly a question of forces and equilibrium of forces. A man who loves justice cannot occupy himself with politics because from his first step in this direction he encounters injustice.'

'However,' I replied, 'you have noticed the anxiety that is now tormenting certain modern French writers, even some of those, who, the minute the Armistice was signed, stretched out their hands without *arrière-pensées* in friendship to the writers of Germany. What reply are you going to make to this state of anxiety?'

Remarque reflected a few minutes, looked at me with his handsome blue eyes that have such a loyal flame in them, then glanced at Hirth and said,—

'My dear Lefèvre, I can only say one thing to you, but I believe it profoundly. I am convinced in my soul and conscience that no one in Germany desires war.' He stopped and took thought as if he felt he had not entirely convinced me. 'No desire for war really exists in the soul of the German people.'

'Your statement touches me,' I replied, 'because it is above suspicion. Frenchmen, all of whom have read *All Quiet on the Western Front*, know how fully they can trust the judgment that you are now passing on the German people. But tell us of the circumstances that surrounded the birth of your splendid book.'

'Lefèvre, you irritate me in always wanting to consider me as a writer. I am a man and your friend, that is all, just as I am Hirth's friend. We sympathize as men and not because I wrote *All Quiet on the Western Front* and because you are editor in chief of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. I am getting tired of telling you that I cannot believe that I have a literary vocation. If I wrote a book, it was done solely because I wanted to discuss seriously with myself a problem that touches me personally. I am a thoroughly normal man.' Here Remarque smiled and looked at Hirth. 'Is the word "normal," my dear friend, the one I should use? I am normal as millions of other men are normal. Furthermore, I believe that the problem that occupies me also occupies millions of other men who are also debating it. I do not care to know whether the book I wrote is interesting or not. I only ask it to give me my own personal solution.'

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'And what,' I inquired, 'is the central problem that underlies *All Quiet on the Western Front?*'

'I NEVER had any intention of writing a war book. The very eve of the day I started to write I was not dreaming of any such thing. And then the next morning it was raining. I could not go out. I remained indoors, reflecting, asking why, in spite of the fact that my health was good, my material life well assured, and everything going satisfactorily, I was nevertheless unhappy. I had the impression of being shut off, separated, amputated from some mystery I cannot define. Why was I alone, alone? I don't know how long I kept asking myself why I was in this condition.

'I slowly sought back in my mind, and my memory led me to the time of the War and I realized that during the War I was not alone, I had comrades. Yet of all the comrades I loved during the War none had the same spirit, the same culture as I, yet they were my comrades and I loved them. I had the feeling of being profoundly attached to these men and this feeling did not rest in any way on intellectual values shared in common. And then, as I reflected on the comradeship created by the War, on that communion of spirit that is not based on intellectuality, I came to the conviction that if I should meet the two or three comrades of that period who have survived I should still feel as close to them as during the carnage, whereas nothing could attach me to them if I were to meet them for the first time to-day.

'When all that became clearly fixed in my mind I wanted to probe still deeper by writing. Therefore, it was not inspiration that came to me, for I do not believe in literary inspiration. If I was able to think back with a certain tenderness on what my life had been during the War, explain it by the fact that I was only seventeen and a half when I was mobilized. What a moving age! What does one think about at seventeen? One is beginning to read and beginning to discover music. For my part, I was dreaming that I should become a composer, and behold, I found myself thrown into barracks and then, a few weeks later, I was sent to the front. All my life had changed the moment when I began to organize it freely in accordance with my dreams. And then, suddenly, no more books, no more music, no more spiritual evasions. The roar of cannon and the groans of men in anguish. I became filled with the idea that the course of my life had been profoundly changed and that my development was going to follow a direction different from what I had dreamed.

'At that time I was brimming over with enthusiasm and animated, as all young Germans were, by a great feeling of patriotism. We were all convinced, all we kids of seventeen, that we were fighting for the salvation of the world and the salvation of civilization. I am now quite convinced that young Englishmen and young Frenchmen thought the same thing. But afterward, afterward! The War was too terrible and too long for me not to learn to think otherwise. After it was over I saw all its hideousness, but there was one thing I could not accept.

'I saw my best friend lying in the mud, his abdomen torn open. That is

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what was really insupportable and incomprehensible, and what is no less incomprehensible is that it required so many post-war years and so much reflection for me to realize the full atrocity of these occurrences. At the time of the fighting, I was struggling between two sentiments that I considered equally intangible. War appealed to me as a necessity for saving culture; but, on the other hand, I thought that nothing was worth the death of so many million men. It was this latter conviction that carried the day and I still hold to it.

'If, from time to time, certain people in Germany accuse me of treason, it is because it is difficult to admit that one can love one's country and at the same time believe that war is not an excellent means of assuring human progress.'

'My dear Lefèvre,' Hirth broke in, 'to understand Remarque fully, remember that he was born in Osnabrück, Westphalia, and that Westphalia . . .'

Remarque interrupted him with a smile.

'Yes, my dear Hirth, I know what you are going to say. Westphalia is populated by peaceful creatures, ponderous, well balanced, who reflect about everything they do and who have wisely arrived at the conviction that one can love all humanity and work with all one's strength for reciprocal understanding among nations, yet love one's own nation above all others.'

REMARQUE offered us some Egyptian cigarettes and I offered him some French cigarettes. He hesitated.

'People tell me that they are too strong,' he said; 'unfortunately, I must look out for my health. You know that I spend six months of the year at Davos in Switzerland because of my lungs. I took refuge in Davos when the success of *All Quiet* began to affirm itself. It was a success which surprised me at the time and which utterly surprises me still, not because I am modest but simply because I feel that I have never written a book. I had hardly arrived at Davos when my publisher wrote me that he was collecting all the criticisms that had appeared and that he was going to forward them to me. I at once asked him to do nothing of the kind. There will always be time, won't there,' said our friend with a smile, 'to go over them when I am fifty years old? I was afraid that if I read them at the beginning of my career they would make me proud or uncertain, and that in either case they would throw me off my track.

'I have never read a single criticism of my book, any more than I have ever granted a single interview. I am unable to understand why people keep wanting to get statements from me, since the best revelation of my soul is in my book, that book which, as far as I am concerned, has but one advantage —that it made me independent. For the rest it does me nothing but harm and by no means the least damage was that it deprived me of friendships that I cherished, especially youthful friendships.

'What actually happened? Before my "success" my friends used to greet me joyfully, but now if I announce that I am going to visit them I no longer find myself in the cordial intimacy of long ago—they receive me flanked with a group of unknown

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people to whom I seem like some curious animal. All the time, I keep asking myself bitterly whenever someone approaches me, Is he doing this out of sympathy for my own person, or is he so dazzled by my external success that he only wants to boast of having met a "celebrated" man? Formerly when I returned from a six months' journey, all my friends were glad and gave me a party. To-day their susceptibility has no bounds and if I neglect to write one or another of them, he treats me contemptuously. I swear to you, Lefèvre, that my position has become more difficult and more disagreeable than it was before.'

'Have you visited the German Embassy?' Hirth inquired.

Here Remarque assumed such a disgusted expression that all three of us laughed.

'Why do that?' he asked. 'Would they receive me if I had not made this success in which I myself count for nothing? I have but one desire and because you two understand it I see both of you with pleasure. It is that all who come to me forget that I have written a book and speak to me like a man.'

'YOU always say a book, your book,' I pointed out, 'but you have just written another. Did you write it as quickly as the first, which you told us the other day you had entirely finished in the space of six weeks?'

'No, it took much longer than that. I wanted to study how the men who came out of the trenches adapted themselves to post-war conditions. It was necessary to portray them living through an epoch of complete dissolution. Although the action of my new novel takes place in Germany I am persuaded it is common to all nations that fought.'

'What is its title?' I inquired.

'In French it will be *Après*. In German, I have not yet decided.'

'Why is that?'

'I had, of course, fixed upon a title in my mind, *Der Weg Zurück* (*The Way Back*), but I find that another writer has already used it for a book that I know nothing about.'

'It can't be said that no one will see your book, since it will begin appearing a month hence on the same day by installments in all the capitals throughout the world. One great newspaper in each of these capitals has acquired exclusive rights.'

'The composition of my new book was rather difficult. I conceived of a work three times as long as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, but on my own initiative I cut down the manuscript about two-thirds, which makes it only a little longer than my first book. If I have made certain excisions, it was simply not to fatigue the reader with episodes that are almost exactly alike. In principle, all the events I wanted to describe, all post-war events, were similar. So that it was simply a question of choosing the most striking episodes. But enough. Let us pass on to something else. I have never talked so much about my books. If I liked to discuss them I should be nothing but a booster.

'When I have finished my life work I shall be able to ask if what I have done was well done. For the moment I know but one thing, that there are a lot of things left for me to learn and that I am spending my time learning them. I want to read and read a lot. Music fills me with passion and I am

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fanatically fond of Beethoven. Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Success, which has no importance and proves nothing, upset my life from top to bottom. I must now bring back order into my life. I thought I should have a slow, progressive success and made my plans accordingly. But look!'

This time I asked, 'Are you, at last, going to stay longer in Paris?'

'Hardly a week, alas. Paris is the part of France I know least well. Last year I toured through your country with a joy that grew from day to day. Normandy, Brittany, Limoges, the Pyrenees, a 3,750-mile automobile trip. What struck me and moved me most in France was the contact I established with the common people, with the simplest and humblest citizens.

'There is a surprising ancient culture throughout all of France, a perfume of antique civilization. If you ask the way of some old peasant his reply is amiable, flowery, cultivated. When I went to some little barber I had the impression that all his answers to my questions showed quickness of mind. Perhaps it has something to do with the language or perhaps it is some emanation of old Latin civilization. In Paris I adore walking in the afternoon when a bluish mist lies over the *quais*, and when I am fatigued I sit down on the terraces of the cafés and look about me.'

'In which respect,' remarked Hirth, 'you resemble Stresemann, who also liked to sit on the terraces of Paris cafés and look at the moving crowd.'

'Yes, for that crowd is life, and I adore life above everything else. Even a book interests me if only it makes us love life better, if it lifts us out of our routine by making us reflect on the greatest of all problems, on the most marvelous of all miracles: we live.'

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Drawing from an immense knowledge of current affairs, the chief political writer on a great German daily prophesies that a wave of nationalism is about to sweep the countries of the world.

Back *to* Nationalism

By HANS ZEHRER

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

EVENTS ARE MOVING at an increasing speed. What seemed impossible yesterday has already happened to-day. What was looked upon yesterday as pessimistic appears to-day as the height of optimism. The world economic crisis which we shrank from facing and dared not believe in has forced itself relentlessly into the foreground and leaves all those who are touched by it more silent and serious than ever before.

At the present time it is quite futile to let isolated local crises absorb our attention as they used to do. In Rumania, for instance, Maniu, leader of the National Peasant Party, has fallen and left behind him a situation more serious and dangerous than it at first appeared. The elections in Finland have strengthened the extreme right and left wings, between which a decisive conflict seems imminent. The Polish situation is even more chaotic and the Ukraine is teeming with revolution. We shall be hearing more from the states that border on Russia in the course of the next few weeks. In Italy the economic crisis grows more acute. In Spain and Portugal strikes and disturbances have broken out.

Yet all this discontent arises from the same cause. Developments have followed the same lines everywhere, and local as well as national factors have become less and less determining. Time was when people were looking for world unity in a positive sense. Pacts, treaties, and agreements were signed which at least guaranteed world peace on paper. We have now achieved world unity, but only in a negative sense, and we find ourselves in a crisis that has spared no nation and that is growing more acute everywhere. The centres of agitation keep

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changing, and if we attempt to keep posted all we can do is to report each successive country that the crisis affects.

One week, for instance, it is Brazil, and what happened there shook Wall Street and Lombard Street to their foundations. In both London and New York stocks dropped dangerously. International capital that had been concentrated since the War in eastern Asia and South America suffered a serious defeat. About a billion pounds of English investments were threatened and America could not have been much less affected. The pound and the dollar have fought a bitter battle on South American soil in the past ten years, but now the ground beneath them both has suddenly crumbled. Troops began marching, generals rushed to the fore, aëroplanes bombed peaceful cities, and countries whose names had previously spelled security —Brazil, the Argentine, Bolivia, and Chile—became as uncertain as quicksilver in one's hand. Just a few more changes, another little upheaval, and South America will become like central China, where revolution is ravaging the peasants and where agriculture has been completely demoralized.

It is hard to prophesy what will happen to foreign investments as a result of this agricultural distress. Once the tillers of the soil mobilize, whether they be Indian or Chinese peasants, South American Indians or East European farmers, all values at once become fictitious, and the form of value that is chiefly threatened to-day is capital. If the soil of Asia, South America, and agricultural Europe opens up and swallows this capital, the whole axis of the earth will be shifted.

Is the world at large growing more aware that we are not passing through one of those market crises that occur every seven to ten years but that our whole system is facing a crisis? Have people yet recognized that new factors now threaten our whole system? These factors include the revolutionizing of the big colonial markets, the isolation of Russia, the breaking up of our previous agricultural structure, the effects of the War and of debts and reparations, and, in domestic affairs, the barricading of wages and prices behind the tariff walls erected by cartels and labor unions. Do we also realize that the authority of the state is declining and that fifteen years of unrest have weakened our domestic agriculture while at the same time money is growing more scarce? Do people understand how deep this crisis goes and what its fundamental elements are?

NO, we do not yet recognize these conditions and that fact alone represents the greatest danger of all. Yet we are coming to adopt a broader point of view. Subjects, such as debts and reparations, that were banned from discussion only six weeks ago, are now being talked about freely. But no one will look at fundamentals. Business men distinctly feel that a black wall is gradually approaching them, dim and mysterious, but they dare not approach this wall and investigate it. Instead, they are developing a hasty, nervous, purposeless activity to tide them over until they are crippled by some new assault. The mine workers have demanded the suspension of the Young Plan and a new debt settlement. The New York *Journal of Commerce* has advocated complete

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cancellation of debts. Congressman Britten, leader of the big navy party in America, has publicly urged abandoning the Versailles Treaty on the ground that it is the greatest hindrance to world peace.

At the same time Dr. Schacht, former president of the Reichsbank, has been visiting America, where he has been conducting a great educational campaign, debating the debt problem. Things have already gone so far that only revision or cancellation of the debts can mitigate the present crisis. But we have not yet reached the stage when the question of debt revision can be seriously discussed. The American State Department has made a number of replies to questions on this problem, all of them negative. Furthermore, in a great speech before the American Bankers' Association at Cleveland, Hoover personally took the position that no debt revision can occur during the Hoover era, which has at least two more years to run. This speech of Hoover's was a refusal to undertake any far-reaching form of international coöperation of a kind that might overcome the crisis. For Hoover has made common cause not with Wall Street but with the big American industrialists and with the domestic financial interests connected with them. He has also proclaimed the independence of the United States from the happenings in other countries and has again repeated the theory that American production can be increased two or three hundred per cent by cultivating domestic markets.

What will the practical results be? More immigration barriers, higher tariffs, exclusion from the outer world, and finally, most important of all, return to the national economic sphere and avoidance of international entanglements.

There are two ways out of the present crisis. One of them is extensive international coöperation. The other is a return to the purely national field. All indications show that the former path has become impossible and that we must therefore take the latter. We must do this not only because other nations have already moved in that direction, but also because the national and social tendencies within other states are too strong. We could only strike out on the new path of international coöperation if the mass of the people believed in it.

But the masses have lost faith in international solidarity and the results of this attitude are not difficult to discern. Hoover has drawn his conclusions already. In England MacDonald is seeking for ways and means of strengthening the national economic ties of the Empire, but the Imperial Conference has proved that the Empire is too widely scattered to become a firmly knit economic organization. The interests of the Dominions are divided. The imperial idea alone is too weak to overcome the national interests of the various countries. It is all very well to wish for preferential tariffs within the Empire and for firm economic solidarity, but such a plan is wrecked by the opposition of the Dominions. Albion's daughters have grown up while the mother country has become older and weaker. Britain's forces are diminished and today, when she has less to offer and needs more support, she receives only the ingratitude of her children.

France has gone further than any other nation in developing her own national economy. Nature endowed

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her with a structure that made such a course inevitable. Since the War the French have strengthened their economic connections with their huge colonial empire. Capital exports to French colonies have steadily increased, trade has prospered, and, above all, this trade has been increasingly favorable to the mother country. France has discovered in her colonies a way out which, together with the natural balance of the country itself, will guarantee permanent protection against any such economic depression as has occurred in other lands. One factor in this condition is the wealth of the French people, who at the moment possess enormous gold reserves in the cellars of the Bank of France.

AT this point a very interesting phenomenon enters the picture. Can money solve the present crisis? Gold is piling up in France. Withdrawals from Germany since the elections have amounted to about half a billion marks in gold and in bills of exchange. This steady increase in the gold reserve of the Bank of France is forcing the country to export its capital where it will do most good instead of lending it abroad only for short periods. But France, though forced to export money, cannot find any secure investment field. Investors of every nationality want their money placed safely and advantageously, and the French investor is the most determined of any in this respect. Where, then, can security be found? It was this thought that provided the financial background to Briand's suggestion of a federated Europe, since Briand wanted Europe to be secure and stabilized so that French money could be exported.

His plan has collapsed. Political unrest in Europe has grown considerably and has driven French money back to Paris again. On the other hand, the impulse to export capital from France has increased, which is the way things go in times of crisis. Thus French policy faces the question of whether to invest money in Europe before the ground has been secured; that is, whether the whole European problem should be considered not from the accustomed standpoint: first security, then money, but from the opposite point of view: first money and through money, security.

The conferences that have recently been held in Paris between the Cabinet, the Bank of France, and the Treasury Department have moved in this direction. Moreover, France is especially inclined to aid the successor states in whom it has political interests and it likewise wants to check the crisis that is threatening Central Europe. No one yet knows how much of a rôle Germany and Italy can play and the next and most vital move is to gain their support. It is like Columbus's egg, but unfortunately it is not such a practical affair, for the present crisis can no longer be solved through the medium of money. On the contrary, the mysterious cycle of credit only conceals the true situation without being able to remedy it. Entirely apart from the fact that national and social interests in the various countries would oppose a monetary solution, it is also impossible from a practical point of view, since it would merely stimulate a temporary revival and leave the roots of the crisis untouched. The successor states, though hungry for capital, recognize this and are already asking themselves of what use

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money and new debts will be to them, since their peasants are already overtaxed and their wheat is rotting and their land lying fallow. A situation exists which cannot be remedied by the French recipe of exporting capital. The situation is much the same as it is in Asia and South America, where the land suddenly yawns and swallows capital investments.

Whither are we drifting? We must advance to that black, threatening wall and look over it. The only real danger that threatens to-day is that we may bury our heads in the sand. We must keep in mind that this is no mere stock-market crisis but a crisis of the whole system. Secondly, we must remember that any radical form of international coöperation is out of the question because popular opinion as well as other interests stands against it.

What then remains? The national economic field. All nations are now retreating to this field in the face of the threatening storm and those nations that might still be able to dispel the storm have lost their assurance and their supporters. Germany must therefore wrack its brains trying to adjust itself to its own national economic sphere, which must include more than Germany itself, indeed, must embrace the whole economic realm of Central Europe, including the east and southeast. To develop this territory German agriculture should be at once systematically readjusted and a long-range programme developed. For the nations to the southeast are not chiefly anxious for money and new debts; they want to be able to dispose of their grain, corn, and other fruits of the soil so that they can set their economic house in order once more. Furthermore, they will not coöperate with nations that have only money to offer but rather with nations that are willing to take greater quantities of their products.

Certain measures are indispensable, measures that chiefly work toward strengthening the power of the state and toward leveling the differences between the possessed and the dispossessed, whose rivalry is now poisoning the air. It may be objected that such a policy would take decades to put into effect and that it would be useless at the present moment. That, however, is the greatest possible mistake. Long-range policies are the only ones worth while and anything else is futile. We are just beginning to hear thunder in the far distance. Perhaps our present mood of indecision may change when the first bolt strikes. The storm is gathering more rapidly than we imagine and the man who will not hear it to-day must feel it to-morrow.

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A French journalist who saw for himself the Argentine and Brazilian revolutions describes, in diary form, just what happened and why the trouble could not have been in any way avoided.

South America in REVOLT

By BENJAMIN CRÉMIEUX

Translated from *Candide*
Paris Literary and Dramatic Weekly

RIO DE JANEIRO. *August 5.*—As the boat approaches the dock, green hills rise and shut out little by little the gigantic setting of the harbor of Rio. Later, however, these hills disappear behind houses and presently a skyscraper thirty stories high stands alone near the water's edge, surrounded by little shacks and patches of open ground. The great newspaper, *A Noite* (*The Night*), built this structure last year. To interview distinguished passengers its reporters have only to walk out to the dock. In Buenos Aires there are only eight daily papers but there seem to be thirty-two in Rio, almost all of them antigovernmental. Although the Brazilian régime is accused of being dictatorial at least it tolerates freedom of the press. Is this imprudent, weak, or clever?

We disembark. Black porters hand us their visiting cards as they seize our valises. The city is full of pennants and arches of triumph proclaiming the praises of Julio Prestes, President Elect, who is supposed to succeed Washington Luis on the fifteenth of November and who has just entered the federal capital. The newspapers are filled with the assassination of Joao Pessoa, president of the state of Parahyba and opposition candidate for the vice presidency of the Republic.

I question a Brazilian friend of mine and his excitement surprises me. 'It is the equivalent of the Matteotti affair in Italy. Only a revolution can get us out of our present situation.' When I ask him what the chances of success of such a revolution would be, he raises his arms to the heavens. At São Paulo in 1922, and at Copacabana, the fashionable bathing beach at Rio, in 1924 and again in 1926,

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attempts at revolution were drowned in blood.

'Where,' my friend asks, 'can we find a Benjamin Constant?'

He was not talking about the French author of *Adolphe;* the man he had in mind was a colonel who in 1889 led the army and the navy in a revolution, overthrew the emperor, Dom Pedro II, and proclaimed the Republic. His name is emblazoned everywhere on the outsides of schools, barracks, and patriotic clubs. For unless the armed forces revolt the public can do nothing.

August 10.—The government, through imprudence, weakness, or cleverness, has granted a national funeral to Joao Pessoa, whose body has been transported to Rio. Two hundred thousand people follow the procession. Women weep; men gesticulate. Disturbances threaten. The currency declines.

August 12.—We arrive at the port of Santos, where we find cocoa trees, negroes, bananas, snake skins, and tropical moisture under a white sun. Suddenly, however, we get an impression of tragedy. As far as we can see along the wharfs, which are lined by a uniform row of shops painted reddish brown, there is not a single sign of life, not a truck or vehicle of any kind.

It is a veritable desert, for we are looking at the cemetery of coffee, the cemetery of that coffee whose planters artificially raised prices by storing away huge reserves. For the nations of Central America, incapable of producing coffee at low prices, took immediate advantage of the new tariffs to plant coffee trees, and now the Santos warehouses, stuffed full to their roofs, cannot dispose of their stocks. Hence the crisis that paralyzes all of Brazil's economic life.

BUENOS AIRES, *August* 15.—A crisis exists in Buenos Aires, too, where there is no profit in wheat or in wool either. The country is thus compelled to live off its meat and flax, which, according to some people, yield insufficient returns. Others, however, say, 'Come on, there is no economic crisis, there is only a governmental crisis, a treasury crisis; it is the fault of "Peludo."' 'Peludo' is old President Irigoyen, and the nickname does not mean 'hairy,' as one might imagine, but 'armadillo.' The armadillo is an animal that does not like to appear in public and old Irigoyen has surrounded himself all his life with mystery, only appearing before his supporters late at night, speaking in aphorisms whose grammar is shaky, indulging in occult practices, and imagining himself a new Messiah. Legend has it that he is not a Basque but a Turk or a Syrian. The age attributed to him varies from seventy-five to eighty-seven years. As in Brazil, people here are complaining about the dictatorship and, again as in Brazil, the press is free and almost entirely anti-'Armadillo.' The difference is that in Brazil conservatives are governing while here radicals are in control, although it is true they call themselves '*Personalistas.*' Two years ago the Argentine people elected Irigoyen President and he was their idol. Is he still? That is what no one knows for sure. The newspapers are waging an incessant combat against him, especially the *Crítica.*

The old Argentines and *estancieros* complain more about the President's

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followers than about the President himself. The intellectuals seem to be more divided.

August 16.—Ten o'clock in the evening. Twenty thousand people have assembled in front of the *Crítica*. Traffic is blocked. There is not a woman to be seen, for Buenos Aires is a man's city. Loud-speakers are resounding on the Avenida de Mayo. 'First round.' Justo Suarez is fighting a Yankee boxer in New York on his way to the bantam-weight championship. Suarez, a former workingman, is known as *el torito de los mataderos* (the little bull of the *abattoirs*). Firpo, a heavier man, is the 'bull.' President Irigoyen, as a good demagogue, appointed Suarez vice-consul in Washington to permit him to pursue his career. No opposition organ has raised any objections. The loud-speaker roars, '"Torito" leads.' A thunder of applause greets this announcement. The match ends and the triumph of Suarez is announced by a siren on the *Crítica* building, the most powerful in the city. Then come speeches over the radio and finally we hear the voice of Suarez himself. The performance ends with a tango written in his honor that is sung through the loud-speaker.

The manager of my hotel oozes disgust. 'I am a good Argentine,' he tells me, 'but my parents were French. What this people lacks is taste in things of the spirit.'

August 18.—One of the prettiest women in Buenos Aires, a fanatical anti-Irigoyenist, took me to the Chamber of Deputies. This body and the Senate share the same building, which is known as the Palacio de Oro. The room where it meets is decorated in marble and the galleries where the public sits look like opera boxes. The Chamber is not in session unless a quorum of deputies is present. The result is that the Chamber virtually never functions except when the Irigoyen majority wishes it to do so and the tactics of this majority is never to want to sit. To-day the elections at San Juan are being discussed. A member of the minority protests against the frauds, kidnappings, and assassinations that marked them. The majority puts on a sour face and the President of the Chamber brusquely prevents the speaker from continuing by turning on six enormously loud electric bells placed around the hall. The man who is making the speech of protest does not sit down but stops talking. The session continues.

August 20.—Everyone is talking politics. What do they say? Irigoyen is autocratic in his old age. He decides everything himself. It is he who makes all the appointments. I hear for the tenth time stories about the window, the nurse, and the chaplain. The 'Armadillo' is said to have lined up office-seekers in the courtyard, then looked them over from his window. 'Have the little lady in the red hat come up,' he ordered.

The little lady came up to see him and said, 'I want a place as governess.'

Irigoyen called his secretary, gave him an order, and the secretary returned with a diploma. 'Here is your appointment,' said Irigoyen.

The lady was dissolved in gratitude, but as she glanced at the paper she turned pale. 'But how can I be a wet nurse? I am still a young girl.'

Whereupon the 'Armadillo' replied, 'You are only asked to collect your salary at the end of the month.'

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The story has its variations. The position of nurse has sometimes been given to a man. On other occasions a layman or a woman has been made the chaplain of a regiment. In any event, the appointment of an illiterate house-painter as professor of French in a university is authentic.

Everything for electoral support, that is the formula, and, on the other hand, everything to prevent development of the opposition. In twelve states the constitutional government has been succeeded by a régime of intervention, the President having made his own appointments to replace duly elected officials.

'Yes,' said a well-informed man, 'we only just escaped revolution yesterday. The army and the navy failed to revolt. They could not agree. The army wanted to replace Irigoyen with his vice president, Martinez, and the navy wanted a military government.'

Another man broke in, 'The Argentine has not had a revolution in forty years. It ought to decide the matter constitutionally. Let Irigoyen resign.'

The fact is that the right- and left-wing oppositions have joined forces and have been issuing manifestos, organizing parades, and holding meetings.

August 21.—The Irigoyenists have replied. An imposing manifestation in behalf of the 'Armadillo' overruns the city in trucks and taxis. There are shouts, whistles, waved handkerchiefs, hurrahs which are called '*vitores*' and which consist of repeating the same words over and over. This evening the cry is '*Irigoyen sí, otro no*,' and '*Uno, dos, y tres, Irigoyen otra vez.*' All this reminds one of the manifestations of black-shirt Fascists and gives the same impression of force and fanaticism. But a passer-by remarks, 'Bah, these are all government employees who are merely carrying out orders.'

August 31.—I return from Montevideo, where I have spent three days, and I find the political climate of Buenos Aires transformed. Last night, at the opening of the Rural Exposition, the minister of agriculture was hooted by a crowd composed of *estancieros* and members of the Jockey Club. '*Por qué á mí?*' shouted the unhappy man. The police did nothing and a neighboring squad of firemen were ordered to intervene but refused. This is a serious symptom.

September 2.—The first Honegger concert at the Colon Theatre. Instead of the crowd that was expected the hall is only half full. Honegger conducts. Applause greets him, but the spirit of the audience is elsewhere. Ladies open their bags and distribute insignia, a white sun on a blue background. These are the tokens of the revolutionary committee. The men pin them in the buttonholes of their tuxedos. The concert is over. The private automobiles and taxis go past the Government House but everything is calm on the Plaza 25 de Mayo. A deception.

September 3.—The newspapers announce that the government is concentrating troops, and that patrols have scoured the suburbs of Buenos Aires all night. The law students have expelled Irigoyen's orators from the university courtyard.

September 4.—Six o'clock in the evening. A parade of law and medical students, together with schoolboys, marches down the Avenida de Mayo with flags at its head. The Avenida de

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Mayo is an exact copy of the Avenue de l'Opéra. It connects the Plaza de Congreso, on which the Hall of Congress faces, with the Plaza 25 de Mayo, where the Government House, also known as the Casa Rosada, is situated. The parade marches to the Casa Rosada, shouting, 'Resignation.' The crowd applauds. I warn my companion, 'In five minutes you will hear machine guns.' But I am slightly mistaken. Ten minutes pass. A bugle sounds twice and shots ring out. Panic. In a flash the rumor circulates that one student has been killed and others wounded. The manifesting students march back down the avenue again. There are only five hundred of them now instead of three thousand, and they brandish bloody handkerchiefs at the ends of their canes.

Here they are in front of the *Crítica*. The loud-speaker thunders. The opposition deputies who accompany the manifestation cry out for vengeance. A wounded student speaks. Applause. 'Down with the Dictator. Long live the Constitution!'

September 5.—Effervescence. At half-past three the newspapers announce that Irigoyen has delegated his powers to Vice President Martinez and that a state of siege is proclaimed. The stores draw their iron curtains halfway down. Mounted patrols begin to circulate. At seven o'clock there are brawls along the Florida, the street where the most luxurious shops are situated. Everywhere little knots of people are forming; sometimes the police gently make them circulate, sometimes they let them alone. Curiosity seems to have replaced effervescence. The evening newspapers appear but they are censored. *Crítica* has suspended publication. When I return about eleven o'clock along the Avenida de Mayo, the police stop passers-by and feel their pockets to make sure they are not carrying arms. My hotel is next door to the office of *Crítica*, whose editors are barricaded inside. It seems that the police are going to dislodge them, but I await developments in vain on my balcony. Suddenly, the windows of *Crítica* open and the forbidden edition is sent flying down on to the avenue. Crowds of people emerge from no one knows where and pick up the newspapers. The police are bewildered but soon they rally and charge on horseback. The crowd flees. At one o'clock in the morning I go to bed.

September 6.—Nine o'clock. The *Crítica's* siren gives the alarm. The police are still present but the crowd assembles just the same. Revolution is being announced, ultramodern revolution by loud-speakers. General Uriburu has addressed an ultimatum to the President and the army is ranged on the side of the rebels. (The next morning we discovered that at this time nothing was less certain than revolution and that many opposition deputies were being held prisoners in the suburbs by regiments which they had attempted to lead in revolt.) A quarter of an hour later the siren again sounds and the loud-speakers announce, 'General Uriburu is marching on the city. The troops will enter at noon.' I descend in haste and direct my steps toward the National Bank on the Plaza 25 de Mayo. I need to change some money. The principal side streets leading off the avenue are occupied by cavalry guards belonging to a regiment that is called 'Cossack' but that is made up almost entirely of

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Indians and half-breeds. None the less, people are walking, stopping, and talking peacefully. Just like last evening, curiosity seems to be the dominating emotion.

The Plaza 25 de Mayo wears its usual aspect and the Casa Rosada is stuffed with machine guns but there is no barbed wire in front of it, no outside defense. The government is going to defend itself whatever happens. It is said that loyal troops are awaiting the revolutionists at Palermo, the Buenos Aires Bois de Boulogne. I walk down the central streets of the city and have exactly the same impression that I received in Paris on the eleventh of November 1918 at eleven o'clock in the morning. Clerks are being allowed to leave their offices. Steel curtains are being pulled down over the windows. People seem to be at once happy and worried. The beginning of a revolution looks more like a day of celebration than anything else and there is not an Irigoyenist in sight. All the black shirts I saw a few evenings ago have vanished.

From the entrance of a subway, an eruption of human beings appears. Shouts and vociferations. Suddenly, however, the subway entrance swallows up the shouters and I find myself alone on the avenue. Four Cossacks are lying flat on their stomachs in the middle of the street pointing their guns at me from behind shelters. Four others are also aiming at me from behind trees. The wisest thing to do is to advance toward them making pacific gestures with my arms and hands, signifying, 'See here, no joking, now.' I pass without trouble and return as rapidly as possible to my hotel, which occupies an excellent strategic position on the avenue. From its balconies one can survey the Plaza de Congreso, where the troops are going to arrive, and from the twelfth story one can also see the Plaza 25 de Mayo very well.

Tourists whose rooms do not look out on the avenue are grouped on the balconies of the ballroom on the fifth story. The majority of Argentines present are revolutionists and people point out certain individuals to me and murmur, 'Supporters of Irigoyen.' Revolutionary airplanes fly over the city dropping pamphlets. The Cossacks have a hard time clearing the avenue. They charge with bare sabres but the crowd re-forms behind them. Windows and balconies are crowded, and inside one can see flags ready to be displayed. The arrival of the troops is being awaited as if sovereigns were expected. The Cossacks, tired of charging, finally fire on the crowd. A man is killed and his body, lying on the sidewalk, provokes general horror in the windows, but on the street below curiosity quickly gains the upper hand.

Ambulances sounding their horns rush past at full speed. Twelve o'clock sounded some time ago. No troops have arrived. The Cossacks go away for lunch. At one o'clock they return, mount their horses, and charge. The crowds flee down a side street and into a covered passage. To disperse the mob, some of the guards get off their horses and fire. Wounded men cry out. One of the Cossacks fights with one of his comrades to keep him from firing on a passer-by who is blocking the sidewalk. The avenue is clear and the crowd is forced into the Plaza de Congreso, where the guards leave it in peace. Two o'clock. Three

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o'clock. Four o'clock. Still nothing. The street-cars continue to run. The telephones work but one can't get the right numbers.

Finally, at quarter of six, a crowd of young men carrying flags enters the Plaza de Congreso. The murderous Cossacks confer with each other and decide to retreat, but slowly. The new arrivals shout to them and urge them to join the revolution. From the hotel we can see that the outside of the Casa Rosada is all illuminated. The revolutionists have triumphed without striking a blow. The crowd increases. Trucks, taxis, soldiers, and civilians mill about. The parade is led by vehicles with mounted machine guns ready to fire. Blue and white flags appear in the windows. The *Crítica* is applauded. For a quarter of an hour delirium reigns. It is like the afternoon of the Armistice on the boulevards. People shout, 'Viva la patria!' and 'Se acabó, se acabó.'

The revolution seems to have been won but it is at this minute that tragedy occurs. A volley of machine-gun fire breaks out at the foot of the avenue and four or five other volleys suddenly reply from the Plaza de Congreso, where the guards from the Military Academy have just arrived, accompanying General Uriburu, who rides in an open automobile. The crowd looks like a heap of dead leaves caught up in an eddy of wind. Within a minute the square is empty, but horses belonging to a mounted squadron of guards have escaped and are running around the square. Ten minutes pass and the machine guns still fire. Then comes a cannon shot, but from what direction nobody knows. Two, three, four, five more shots follow. The fusillade ceases. There is a moment of indecision and then the crowd precipitates itself into the avenue, invades the headquarters of the Irigoyenist committee where the Irigoyenist newspaper, the *Época*, is published. Its furniture is hurled out on the street and is presently set on fire in an immense *auto-da-fé*. The revolution has overcome its final resistance.

The siren of *Crítica* proclaims victory. I hurry to the Plaza de Congreso. The last of the wounded are being picked up and eyewitnesses are already saying, 'I was there, I lay down under my automobile'; or, 'I was flat on the sidewalk and the bullets grazed me.' How many are dead? About fifty, and more than a hundred are wounded. Twenty dead horses lie on the square, nearly all of them having vomited up blood. The Irigoyenist machine guns were operated through the back door of the Hall of Congress and the crowd stones a cake shop where another machine gun had been placed.

September 7 and 8.—It is like the Armistice, or July 14, 1919, or the burial of Foch. The national anthem starts like the Russian anthem and ends like the 'Hymn of Departure.' On the eighth, at nine in the evening, another crisis occurred. The troops remaining loyal to Irigoyen tried to attack the Government House and there was fighting on the Plaza 25 de Mayo. The noise of machine guns again made itself heard. An orator from one of the windows of *Crítica* invited all armed men to come to the defense of the revolution. He spoke in a hoarse voice without the aid of a megaphone. Of the thousand men who heard him fully five hundred ran

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to the scene of fighting. Official automobiles passed at a frantic speed. Then came ambulances and finally cannon were fired.

Suddenly the news spread and was confirmed. It was all a mistake. The soldiers guarding the Casa Rosada had thought they were being attacked by the soldiers guarding the Post-Office Building.

September 9.—Calm is fully established and I embark this evening for Rio. I am told I shall find a revolution there, too.

RIO DE JANEIRO. *September* 13.—The beauty contest has made everyone forget Pessoa, the coffee crisis, and the fall of the currency. Miss Brazil has been elected Miss Universe; Miss Greece and Miss Portugal have been proclaimed seconds, but Miss Greece refuses to accept this classification and *A Noite* pitilessly enumerates all her defects, the chief one being that she squints. The various 'Misses' are staying at the Hotel Gloria. Crowds come to see them in the dining-room, which has been enlarged by having the neighboring room added to it. Crowds also attend the dancing. My own table is situated, in the best Locarno spirit, between Miss Belgium and Miss Germany. But the most curious spectacle is that of the mothers. Like the daughters, they are designated geographically. There are also four papas, Papa Russia, Papa Turkey, Papa Lebanon, and Papa Hungary. It is a very special kind of revolution that these ladies are provoking in Rio. Miss Greece is giving a lecture on Delphi. Miss Italy is giving a dance recital. The trip of the European 'Misses' on the Brazilian steamer, *Cuyaba*, was dramatic. When they put in at Lisbon five of them disappeared and were discovered in a night club. Miss Italy almost pulled out Miss Bulgaria's hair when the latter accused her of dyeing hers.

September 17.—Yesterday, when I mentioned revolution to the most amiable of Brazilian writers, silence was my only answer, but I have the clear impression that everyone here is thinking of nothing else. All of southern Brazil is in a state of armed rebellion if we are to believe the Argentine newspapers, but as long as Rio, São Paulo, and the navy refuse to move, the government will carry on.

September 19.—Two Rio journalists who visited São Paulo have disappeared. President Washington Luis has refused to intervene in the affair, which he says concerns only the state of São Paulo. The press accuse the police of having assassinated the men. Nothing else is talked of and it is a terrible reminder of the student who was killed in Buenos Aires on September 4. But it is spring. The street-cars and the avenues are full of citizens in bathing suits going to the beaches to cool their fever. Rio de Janeiro is the capital of nudity.

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The dean of London diplomatic correspondents surveys the European scene and shows how England can forestall a war that may break out at any moment.

England's Stake *in* Europe

By Professor Maurice Gerothwohl

From the *Daily Telegraph*
London Conservative Daily

THE CONTINENT of Europe, or the major part of it, is at this moment in a state of ferment and alarm greater than that which attended the French advance into the Ruhr eight years ago. The British public, not unnaturally, has only one immediate concern, and that is to find relief from the present economic crisis. With this preoccupation it is prepared to devote some measure of attention to the grave developments in India and in Egypt. But it has not the time, and still less the inclination, to reflect on the possibilities of another conflagration such as may at no very distant period once more threaten the peace of Europe.

The British public has no realization of the prevalence to-day of war talk in Western Europe. In France, as in Belgium, the man in the street, staggered by the recent successes of the Hitler party in Germany and fearful of the continued failure of France and Italy to reach either political or naval agreement, is already envisaging a fresh Armageddon within the next year or two.

Middle-class folk and workers are known to be withdrawing or converting their holdings and savings with an eye to this emergency. The hoarding of gold by the Bank of France cannot be totally divorced from similar preoccupations. The military elements, whether or not they share to the full the intense apprehensions of ordinary civilians, are reluctant to forego what they regard as a heaven-sent opportunity to restate their case for increased armaments and effectives.

The cooler intellects of the Quai d'Orsay do not look upon war as being a question of mere months ahead. They tend to measure the peril in years—though not a very long term of years. For, like the public,

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they anticipate that during the next few years any German government, whether it be dominated by the Hitlerites or merely spurred on by the Hitlerite slogans on international policy, must inevitably lean to the right, and, with the probable support of Italy as well as Hungary and Austria, press for the early and wholesale revision of the peace treaties.

Thus, even by the most experienced observers in the French Foreign Office, the repudiation by the Reich of the Young Plan, its demand for the retrocession of Danzig and the obliteration of the Polish Corridor, and its further demand for Austro-German reunion are held to be possibilities, and even probabilities, of the very near future. And in no single one of these instances is France, in her present mood, at all disposed to compromise in the traditional British fashion, either on her own rights or those of her allies. She assumes that Germany and other determined revisionists, after vainly exhausting their endeavors to secure by negotiation and moral pressure the fulfillment of their aims, will be driven in final resort to seek a decision by applying force.

In these circumstances, however, French diplomacy, although a trifle impulsive at times, is attempting today to take a longer view. It wants to know exactly where it stands regarding the external aids and resources that would be at its disposal—apart from the formal undertakings of France's allies—for the purpose of countering, in the first place, the coming diplomatic offensive by the Reich and its partners; and, in the second place, should this diplomatic offensive be broken, the military offensive which would be expected to follow it after a more or less protracted interval.

British guarantees of French security embodied in the Locarno Pact afford France little or no satisfaction, because the precise conditions under which these guarantees would operate do not appear to her to cover the particular emergencies which her statesmen apprehend. No thoughtful Frenchman believes that Germany will deliver a direct and unprovoked attack on the French or Belgian frontier. He does not expect Germany to repeat the fatal blunder of August 1914, and he is worried by the premonition that Great Britain, owing to her economic and oversea troubles, and to the growing influence of the Dominions in British foreign policy,—an influence which is wholly averse to British intervention in European quarrels over land frontiers, and is almost exclusively concerned with the security of inter-Empire maritime communications,—would frankly declare her neutrality where she did not feel both morally and legally bound to intervene according to the obligations contracted by her at Locarno.

THIS French state of mind explains the ceaseless attempts of France in recent years to lure successive British governments into a fresh security formula, which would extend her at present strictly limited obligations in such a manner as to make them applicable by a new interpretation of the League Covenant to every conflict in which France or any of her allies may become a belligerent. Having failed, however, to achieve this object, notwithstanding the naïveté of some British pacifist statesmen, she is

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about to embark on a new line of approach by inquiring of the British Government (it matters little whether formally or informally) what attitude that Government is prepared to take up should Germany raise in the councils of Europe, at Geneva or elsewhere, any of the issues above mentioned.

If only the Quai d'Orsay could get Great Britain to commit herself beforehand to the diplomatic support of the French standpoint, the inference drawn by the logical French mind is that Great Britain would be committed by implication to the military support of France, should Germany and her friends eventually seek to override an Anglo-French veto on any new revision of the peace treaties. A delicate situation is therefore likely to arise before long for those who direct the foreign policy of Great Britain and the Empire.

This situation should be tackled while it is possible for the British Government to obtain the considered views of the Dominion Premiers on these vital matters. It will never do to allow the Dominion Premiers to depart home and then, when straight questions are put to this country by the Quai d'Orsay, return the usual evasive and hedging answer to Paris. That would be unfair to France, as it would be to ourselves and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Nor will it do to tell the French that when Germany presses her demand for the modification of the present régime at Danzig and in the Corridor, the matter will be considered by the British representatives at Geneva; or that, when Germany asks for a moratorium in respect of the Young annuity, the matter will be duly considered by the British representatives on an expert arbitral court which will be set up for this purpose. French implications go infinitely further and deeper. In effect, what France is asking is whether Great Britain is prepared—beyond her specifically defined obligations under Locarno and her less compelling obligations under the League Covenant—to pledge the blood and treasure of this country to the support of France and the latter's allies in their desire and determination to maintain intact all the frontiers laid down by the 1919–1920 group of peace treaties.

I have reason to know that British diplomacy itself is not wholly undivided on these vital issues. The veteran survivors of the pre-war school, who persist in considering the so-called balance of power in Europe from very much the same angle as before and refuse to reckon with Dominion opinion, still hanker after the reëstablishment of the so-called united front between Great Britain and France. They argue that only by this means will it be possible for Great Britain to restrain equally France and Germany.

Incidentally, their outlook, narrowed by past experience and tradition, fails to discern the new factor in European politics which is constituted by the renaissance of Italy as a great power under the influence of Fascism. They hold that Great Britain could still induce France by persuasion to adopt a moderate and temporizing attitude, and could simultaneously restrain Germany, by a process of gentle intimidation, from indulging in precipitate action, even in the diplomatic sphere. Our Nestors further assume that Great Britain could play this game *ad infinitum*, without any risk of

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really committing herself beforehand to military participation in future conflicts. The doctrine of the 'united front' between Great Britain and France is incompatible, both morally and legally, with the obligations contracted by Great Britain at Locarno.

THESE obligations made us the potential allies of whichever power was the really innocent victim of a direct and unprovoked aggression. It clearly prohibited Great Britain from concerting beforehand with any one power against another, after the fashion of the old pre-war alliances and ententes. It placed us, and Italy as our coguarantor, in the position of impartial arbitrators. Thus the champions of the 'united front' are not merely deluding themselves as to the efficacy of their proposed line of conduct. They would have us act in a spirit contrary to the tenets of Locarno. Nor can these advocates of an outworn diplomatic creed see the facts which are bound to determine the present-day attitude of the British people and the British Commonwealth of Nations toward European feuds and rivalry.

It is simply unthinkable to the average Briton of to-day that he should be called upon to give his life and his money for the defense, be it of France or of Germany or Italy, or of Poland, over a matter such as the Corridor, which does not affect British interests, and seems to the Englishman to be of questionable advantage. How can he be expected to give his life and money for the principle of parity or disparity between the French and Italian navies? No British Government could mobilize him for this or any like purpose, nor would the Dominions assent to any such mobilization. Some of them might remain passive. Others, however, would instantly proclaim their neutrality, and so the British Empire would be disrupted.

It is conceivable that indirectly the common sense of the Dominions might, sooner or later, save Europe from herself. For the most probable effect of a clear declaration by Great Britain and the Empire that, apart from actual commitments which would not be further extended, not a shilling, not a drop of blood, would be expended by them on a purely European quarrel, would be to act as an ice-cold and healthy douche. Once forced to the reluctant conclusion that no British fighting forces or finance would be available for its benefit, there is not one country in Europe which would not pause twice, or even thrice, before giving effect to its warlike impulses.

We owe such a declaration to France and to Europe; we owe it to ourselves. If we do not propose to meddle in other nations' quarrels we should also stop preaching, and trying to dictate to them to what extent they should or should not arm for the purpose of safeguarding their own security. Indeed, when there is less talk about disarmament, it may be that the world's thoughts will turn more easily from the question of armaments to that of collaboration in the arts of peace and the science of prosperity. There is nothing more likely to lead to war than the diplomatic and military overorganization of peace.

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Why is a connoisseur of Paris boulevards more shocked by America than any American ever was by Paris? M. Claude Blanchard answers this question frankly on the basis of personal experience.

MADCAP America

By CLAUDE BLANCHARD

Translated from the *Crapouillot*
Paris Literary and Artistic Monthly

THERE ARE a thousand different ways of discovering the slender promontory of Manhattan with its pipe-organ symphony of red, gray, and green tubes crowned with Greek temples, Gothic cathedrals, or chapels in the style of Henry II with little plumes of smoke pouring out of them. Every hour of the day this classic vision, for which the visitor has been quite prepared by the new lyricism of photography, changes its aspect as the light changes and as the fog thickens or dissipates. At one moment it is gray, flat, transparent, and then suddenly it grows animated. Dark shadows fall across it and here and there the sun shines brightly on the front of a building, transforming it into a long strip of gold bullion studded with innumerable flaming windows.

My own first encounter with this famous landscape showed it to me in quite a different aspect. The morning I arrived my boat moved slowly through a thick fog. Our siren sounded incessantly and we were answered by tootings and all kinds of cries from the fluvial and maritime fauna that infests the two rivers that run on either side of Manhattan. I could see nothing, yet the emotion I experienced in approaching land was intense. Suddenly a noise reached my ears, at first distant but growing louder and more universal as we approached until it seemed to be made up of millions of confused sounds. Meanwhile, above us the outline of a building began to emerge, looking all the higher on account of the fog, and its vague proportions, detached from the earth and virtually floating in the clouds, made the city assume proportions such as one sees only in dreams. The little tugboats with gray-roped moustaches on

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their bows approached the hull of the *France* to push it between two of the docks that run like the teeth of a comb along the edge of New York. Through a window of one of these boats I detected the first American I ever saw in his native country. He was a workingman wearing comfortable gloves and pulling nonchalantly at his pipe. Thus I had but two isolated images—the man and, up above, the top of that giant building. They formed a surprising contrast.

When I reached the door of the customs office, which opens at the foot of the gangway, I felt as if I were sliding through a hole into the subterranean blackness of an ant-hill. Later a taxi wafted me furiously down a dirty, crowded avenue between the supports that hold up the tracks where the elevated goes roaring past the second stories of the buildings. I was surprised at the disorder about me and at the crassness of these working people's houses, among which I did not see a single skyscraper. When one first enters a foreign city one always experiences some deception and mine was not to feel for several days the majestic grandeur that I had expected in New York.

IT TAKES a long time to get one's eye used to the new proportions, to the extent and prodigious vitality of New York. One must have seen it from many angles, have felt its fever in one's spine, and have lost one's self in its diverse crowds before one can grasp its importance and its rhythm. Nobody who has not seen Broadway can appreciate the dimensions of that thoroughfare, which extends for twenty-four miles and passes through every form of civilized life from the dim canyon of the financial section, where it begins, on to the cold provincial surroundings in which it finally loses itself after it has traversed the wild confusion of the cinemas of Times Square. In like fashion it is impossible to imagine what the Chrysler Building looks like, rising to a height of 1,046 feet.

I tried to measure the first of these dimensions, the horizontal one of Broadway, when I attempted to cover its whole length on foot starting from the Battery. I walked with the crowd, looking up at the fantastic stone structures that cut the sky into a narrow, foggy ribbon. From time to time I looked ahead to where this artery disappeared into an uncertain horizon and thought that with a little courage I should soon reach its end. But not at all. My feet were aching before I had arrived at Union Square.

As for the Chrysler Building, which is the standard vertical measure, I was equally unprepared for the impression it had in store for me. I often passed on foot the base of the building that now enables the Americans to sleep peacefully without dreaming of the Eiffel Tower. Skyscrapers are only handsome when seen from a distance, with their towers plunging into the blue sky, isolated in space above the city, whose noise scarcely reaches them and on which their shadows fall each day like great scythes which lengthen at sunset and darken even the most distant parts of town.

I went up the Chrysler Building while the top of it was still incased in scaffolding. In its entrance, where electric lights are set in various kinds of expensive wood as well as in malachite, bronze, steel, and composition

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marble, I entered one of the twenty or thirty compressed-air cannons of vertical transportation. The gloved hand of the elevator man, who was dressed in a uniform the color of peach blossoms and who travels fifty miles up and down every day, grasped the copper lever at the command of a pair of castanets clicked by the starter, who wore the costume of a Guatemalan general. When I arrived at the final story I followed on the heels of a manager who led me up fourteen stories of scaffolding, the whole height of the tower. At the top, on a narrow platform situated on the seventy-first story, I understood what New York was.

Skeptics go about saying, 'After all, it has no merit. It has no art. It merely consists of similar elements of metallic construction put one on top of the other. What can all this lead to? Why not two hundred stories? And, even if two hundred stories are built, will civilization have moved a step forward?' All this is true, but when one has beneath one's feet a vertical regiment of stenographers and clerks with green eye shades mounting above a colossal city to such a height that one is almost seized with vertigo, one can not help feeling that all this has, if you will pardon the expression, 'guts.'

Paris is simple and comprehensible and expresses a slow, reasonable evolution. New York is crazy. In certain respects there is no less modern city in the world, no city so badly designed to satisfy the conveniences of human life. There is no dirtier city in the world. Overcompressed, full to bursting, it is struggling with insoluble problems of city planning that make it attempt all kinds of architectural experiments and daring improvisations. It is often said that the reason for building skyscrapers is the narrowness of the island on which they are constructed, but I think that they also offer the only means of escape from the disorder and lunacy below. The human crowd has struggled in every direction to shake itself free and has even tried to find in the subsoil morsels of still virgin rock where things and people can be lodged. In all this haste skyscrapers have been planted everywhere. You see them rising among houses built in 1850 and their foundations reveal a subterranean ant-hill which gets its air from holes in the streets and which gives forth steam and a musty smell.

This gigantic city, whose tentacles are spreading everywhere, can never assume a fixed shape because it is built to meet the needs of the present moment and to-morrow it will change. I reflect with amazement that the buildings in which it takes such pride are built to last but thirty-five years.

Yet this disorderly atmosphere of haste, where your system consumes more calories doing nothing than in any city in the world, gives birth gradually to a kind of morbid intoxication, a need to use up and spend one's strength as well as one's money. A paroxysm of poverty and wealth, of filth and luxury, of ugliness and beauty, New York can inspire at the same time love and disgust. It is like certain wounds from which one dies in a state of beatitude.

'DRUGS.' The word is written on the signboard and repeated in letters of fire above the door, although it is noon. But an eternal twilight lies over the lower stories of the skyscrapers along Broadway. The show window is

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piled high with popular novels on which are seated dolls that cost a dollar 'to make the kiddies happy.' On a sea of dirty nuts little boats in the form of cigarette lighters are floating. Inside the store runs a white lacquer counter with stools set along it at regular intervals. Behind the counter stands the waiter, in a white coat on the arm of which is embroidered the name of the powerful fellow who owns three thousand drug stores of this kind in the United States. This waiter has a little yellow Jewish head and his jaw heaves and rolls on a piece of chewing gum. I look on the wall to find out what new alimentary creation has been produced by some chemist or scholar during the night. I already know about Jello, about hot dogs, but I have never heard of the 'glider.'

'Boy, a glider.'

The boy does not even look at me. He just goes 'mm—mm,' and begins playing on his syrup organ, whose swanlike necks curve out from under the counter. He plays with the touch of a *maestro*, not looking at what he is doing. Flick, a bit of raspberry syrup, then two spoonfuls of malted milk. Flick, flick, a ball of vanilla ice cream and finally, with a hissing noise, the glass is filled to the brim with soda water. There it is, my glider. But it is an ice-cream soda. The boy explains to me, 'We call it that because aviation week is being celebrated around here.' No doubt to-morrow the same drink will be called a race horse or an Edison.

While I imbibe this mixture of carbonated water and ice cream, the places beside me fill and empty themselves of their occupants every three minutes. People sit down, attack a plate of corned-beef hash, and disappear. Three customers have already succeeded each other at my side and the store is besieged by a hungry throng among whom are occasional purchasers of mechanical razors and candies. The place smells of rubber, disinfectants, and sugar. I should like to rest a little while longer on the stool, which covers but a quarter of my posterior and which, together with the seats on the tops of buses, is the only place I can find to sit down in public. But I must leave. People press in on me and I find myself again in the street, dreaming of the plane trees and terraces on our great boulevards.

AMERICA drinks more than any other country in the world in spite of a law written into its Constitution side by side with the great principles of human liberty. I seriously believe, on the strength of wide observation, that present conditions are as grave as a war and perhaps even more so. The moral poison, more harmful than the alcohol itself, is sowing the seeds of an immense anxiety. It is breeding contempt for law and for power of every kind, suspicion of everything that demands public respect, doubt in the efficiency of police measures, disgust with bribed politicians.

Repeal Prohibition? The harm is done and the most curious thing is that a return to a wet régime is opposed on the one hand by sellers of alcohol and their political creatures and on the other by sellers of non-alcoholic drinks, to say nothing of the big manufacturers of chewing gum and ice cream and even the great industrialists. Only the masses of the people are wet, as is proved by the great referendum issued in twenty million circular letters by the *Literary Digest*.

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The family drinks, children are affected, crime flourishes, whole villages are blinded or debauched by wood alcohol and absinth powders that are passed off as tooth powder. The spectacle presented by a Congress too weak to lift its country out of this tragic morass is not a pretty one.

ONE day in a San Francisco club, I was questioning one of the members on the workings of American social life and allowed the expression, 'lower class,' to escape me. The man to whom I was talking corrected me with great astonishment. 'In America, sir, there is no lower class.' By that he meant that there is no social group whose members are prevented by caste prejudice from climbing in the world.

I later understood that he was right. Education and the degree of instruction that exist cannot, by themselves, create social compartments. Money alone gives the individual the right to occupy a given position and he is admitted to this place by those who have gained it before him. Between the immigrant who arrives on the docks of New York with twenty dollars in his pocket and the parvenu with business responsibilities, the road is not long. It can be covered in an hour or in a lifetime, and it only depends sometimes on inventing a new flavor to put into chewing gum.

Certain immigrants rise to the surface like bubbles and they find themselves as much at home as if a contrary turn of luck had cast them back among the companions of their evil days. The latter eventuality occurs less often than the former since American prosperity, an expression that can still be used in spite of the recent crash, assimilates a great quantity of poor people. It makes them all aspire to a higher level of the famous 'standard of living,' with the result that America can find day laborers only by letting in more immigrants. I may remark that this social conception is very pleasing to me. It gives American life an ease, a frankness, an absence of constraint of which we know nothing, since each of us is inclosed in his own pigeonhole that includes only people of his own kind who have been carefully sifted through the sieve of convention.

The only exception to this rule is the billionaire, who in the majority of cases is only a millionaire if his income is reckoned in dollars. Above a certain level of wealth the American does not work to make money but works to give the community the illusion that he is returning to it in the form of Rembrandts or hospitals the money that he has gained. There is, furthermore, a social fissure between the possessors of these vast fortunes and the rest of society, the fissure that always separates the man who gives from the man who receives. Swarms of these billionaires live on Long Island, where rows of tailored lackeys shelter them from the incursions of the common herd. Fleeing from the noise and the magnificent confusion of the nation that made them rich, these retired merchants become preachers, educators, philosophers, and serve their native land by offering sacrifices to their various manias.

In the talking films I heard the voice of Rockefeller sounding broken and strangely remote. Nothing is more impressive than his diminutive, dry face, which reminds you of the trophies of Amazon head-hunters except for

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its extraordinarily alert expression. Everyone knows that this old petroleum king distributes little pieces of money known as dimes to everyone he meets and I feel that it is terribly significant that an old man on the edge of the grave should have such a mania. No one will ever take away from me the idea that he is paying back the money.

Ford, who is now supposed to be the richest man in the world, is a billionaire of another generation. His fortune is not a speculative one; it is the fortune of a creator. He is the only great billionaire of his age who is not the son of a rich father. I saw, scarcely a mile away from the smoking hell that this inventor of contemporary America built, the modest white house where his mother brought him into the world. It is a stupefying contrast, not without beauty, and is one of the best illustrations I know of the individual opportunity that American plutocracy offers.

THE visitor will soon discover the influence of puritanical ideas in American life in the precautions the country has taken to avoid illicit contacts between the two sexes. Indulgence in carnal sin is almost an obsession and the United States makes war on it to such an extent that the practice of free love has become a kind of contraband as serious as contraband alcohol. The cinemas and theatres have separate smoking rooms for the two sexes and between the acts of the Ziegfeld Follies, a spectacle that does not incite to virtue, I was the cause of a scandal because I sat down without knowing it in the ladies' smoking room. I had to explain myself and was not allowed to depart in peace until it was understood that I was a foreigner.

These attempts at separation are not made to protect the women from the assaults of the stronger sex, for the American rarely dares to make the acquaintance of a girl he does not know. Never accost a woman in the street, even in New York, for you will run the risk of falling into the hands of the defenders of Puritan morality, who will give you a beating, as indeed, happened to one of my own friends. As for women, they are quite independent and have become the social equals of the 'tired business man,' as they contemptuously call him, a condition that goes far toward diminishing the sentimental importance of the sexual act, especially in metropolitan society. One makes love after the eighth cocktail and the next day the woman who has succumbed no longer recognizes her lover, for alcohol is the drug that allows Americans to escape from the code that education has imposed on them and delivers them up uncontrolled to the sexual obsessions that their repressed puritan imaginations have developed. Although the police enforce public morality, theatrical productions spread libidinous ideas and arouse the morbid excitement of the crowd. The expression, 'sex appeal,' is so thoroughly American that the French equivalent does not begin to express the same anxieties and unsatisfied desires.

AN American business man told me that in advertising a brand of vinegar the British are content to print the name of the brand on the middle of a white page. 'But we Americans,' he added, 'represent Christ on the cross

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tasting the sponge of the Roman soldier and saying with a smile, "So-and-So's vinegar is best."'

This joke is hardly a caricature. American advertising does not recoil from any audacity. It has become a veritable war of colors, slogans, inventions, lights, and noises, and it attacks every domain, including one's private life and religious convictions. It does not abandon you when you are taking your pleasure, when you are working, or even when you are sleeping. It seizes you by the ear and hammers you over the head. It descends upon you from the sky in aëroplanes equipped with loud-speakers that fly above the roofs while the aviator shouts at you through the window the merits of tomato soup. It reminds you when you are at a vaudeville show that you must not forget to go to church. It rises from beneath the ventriloquous sidewalks. It engraves shapes on rocks in deserts three hundred miles from any human dwelling.

All America has become an exhibition of billboards, and California in particular has seen its countryside disfigured or completely ruined by them. As for me, my memory of the beaches, villas, and forests of this magnificent country is inseparably identified with pictures of a happy man exclaiming in enormous letters, 'Don't deny yourself the luxury of Camels.'

I HAVE heard American women declare that they would undress without shame before a negro. 'A negro,' they say, 'is not a man.' This extreme contempt that all Americans profess for a black skin conceals the anxiety that the spectre of a new Brazil is causing to be born among them. The spot of color is spreading every year and its borders are slowly but surely tending to merge into the white race. There are now thirteen million negroes in the United States and when one recalls that these all are the descendants of some tens of thousands of slaves imported to the southern plantations in the eighteenth century one asks what position they will occupy a hundred years hence. Nothing can be done. Colored blood is gaining as surely as a cancer. All the unjust barriers that the laws and the prejudices of the whites can raise against the negroes only serve to create a hatred among this damned people that they themselves do not realize. The most audacious remedies, mass deportation and extermination by massacre, are impossible. The negroes, who are sufficiently numerous to fill a country the size of Belgium, are there to stay and, what is more serious, they are organizing.

Before the War, the black question was confined to the southern states and was solved by a kind of half slavery that the Constitution did not permit but that custom authorized. But the drama became universal when unemployment in the cotton fields drove a great number of jobless negroes north. They have invaded Chicago, Boston, and New York. Coming in contact with these big, liberal cities, the negroes have shown themselves adaptable and by no means as limited as people imagine. They have become high livers, more pleasure loving, more fond of luxury. They have demanded their political rights, and their influence was well revealed when it alone was enough to block the choice that President Hoover had made to fill a vacancy on the highest court in the country. They go

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to the same schools that the white people attend and they are making their way into the liberal professions as doctors, lawyers, and even as writers.

I HAVE tried to show certain aspects of America that would provide in themselves the conclusions that they imposed on the mind of a visitor born under the skies of the 'old country.' This particular traveler thinks that it is worth while taking some trouble not to burn life up too quickly and that there are satisfactions in this world other than ultrahygienic bathrooms, hot-air vents before which to dry one's hands, and movie theatres with seats compared to which the throne of Napoleon is nothing but a kitchen chair.

Everything I saw in the United States seemed to me like an act of aggression against everything that old civilizations have invented to make mankind's existence supportable. But I have a confession to make. When the boat that took me back to France blew its whistle for the last time, when it slowly began moving out of Pier 57, when I saw the crowd that overflowed the wharf suddenly start waving white handkerchiefs,—although no one was there to say good-bye to me,—when the buttresses of Times Square passed in the distance, I felt a profound regret at leaving this crazy country. America is alive. It looks toward the future and never turns back. It hopes for everything and is permitted every favor. It puts its feet on the table, indulges in vulgarities; it is credulous, proud, and pusillanimous; it is insupportable. Yet it has youth. Youth governs and animates it. The builders of skyscrapers are twenty-five years old and if they now build thirty stories it is in the hope that they will soon build forty. The old men have the faces of babies and the characters of little boys. America has not learned to dispose peacefully of the outmoded; everything that the country outlives it tramples under foot, both men and things. Forward!

I experienced hours of sadness and hypocrisy and often I damned my surroundings but often too I felt a desire to take part in this infernal dance, to sell chewing gum, to be an elevator man, to run a skyscraper, to be a bootlegger, to do anything I could to play a part in all this dizziness. And, finally, I wished I had lost somewhere *en route* my traveling equipment of critical sense, so that I could go and sit down without any *arrière-pensée*, side by side with the anonymous population of Brooklyn, in the papier-mâché mountains of Coney Island or lie on a Pacific seashore in the shade of a shoe advertisement. I even dreamed without terror that I had become the character Sinclair Lewis baptized 'Babbitt,' the standardized man, and that my life was flowing on happily between a gasoline station and an automatic garage.

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Persons and Personages

Theodore Dreiser at Home

By Karl Sebestyén

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

THROUGH THE GOOD OFFICES of a friend and pupil of mine, I made the acquaintance of Theodore Dreiser, the most distinguished American author now living and one of the most important contemporary novelists in world literature. We found him at his home on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City, where we spent an hour and a half in his company. In appearance Dreiser is a giant, a veritable Titan, tall, upright, strongly built, with a tremendous great head and a shock of pure white hair (he is fifty-nine years old) and strangely blazing steel-gray eyes. He is a thorough German. His father, a German born and bred, was a peasant who lived near the Moselle and emigrated to the United States in 1848. He gave his son a strict Roman Catholic education.

After the first introductory formalities our conversation soon flowed rapidly. Dreiser speaks well and gladly and makes no secret of his opinions. Politically, he is a radical or what we should call an adherent of the extreme left. After his journey to Russia he wrote a book describing his experiences and in doing so he found himself quite at odds with the Soviet potentates. Now, however, his opinions of Lenin and the Bolsheviks are much more lenient, although he is fully convinced that Russian methods cannot be transplanted either to Europe or to America. His partiality for Russia arises from a deep dissatisfaction with the existing order, especially in his own country.

'Our chief trouble here,' he said, 'is that we produce too much. We made too many goods in the prosperous post-war period. The result was that we had to slow down production, and as a logical consequence thousands of workers were thrown out of employment. Furthermore, something even more unthinkable in America happened. We not only had to institute soup kitchens, bread lines, and all the other insupportable creations of philanthropy, but we also witnessed demonstrations of the unemployed as well as interminable, fruitless, tiresome conferences on ways and means of overcoming the difficulty. In this finest and best of all possible worlds only those who make a great amount of money are happy and they naturally do not want any changes. The great masses of the people must keep their mouths shut. In this land of freedom the powers that be do not relish the publication of any new political or social

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creed and any such activity is forbidden and is strictly suppressed. I could cite a whole list of such cases, including among them the arrest of a leader of a parade down Broadway, the arrest of two girls in Ohio, of a hundred and thirty-seven men and women in Chicago, and of nine hundred people in California, all of whom were accused of participating in forbidden demonstrations and were given long jail sentences.

'I see the last hour coming when some remedy can and must be found. Above all else, freedom to express political and economic opinions must be returned to us. In America, and from what I know, in many European countries too, what is happening now offends not only the laws and constitutions but also human understanding and can only lead the great masses of the people to catastrophic revolution. The great minds everywhere must unite and devise some way out of the crisis humanity is now facing. For as long as America allows the ignorant, the weak, the despairing, and the outcast to be shot down humanity's problem has not been solved. Every man and woman with courage should step forward, bravely and freely demanding that intellect and not brute force should take over the conduct of the world.'

'You are not thinking of a republic in Plato's sense, a state where leadership is trusted to philosophers or writers?'

'No, no. You must have quite misunderstood me. They are the last people I should think of. What are my honorable colleagues in the writing profession doing? Unconcerned with the desperate plight of a world that is on the brink of ruin, they sit in New York writing odes to Spring and continually demanding higher prices for their work. No, literature is the last thing I want to hear and know about. Here on my table is a pile of the latest works of the fellow members of my profession. Carried away by an irresistible impulse, I have read nearly half of them, but there is not a trace of greatness or monumentality anywhere. Can you find among them a single book that might be compared to Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* or to any novel by Dickens, Dostoievski, Balzac, or Tolstoi? You will find some good routine writers but never a great artist. Take, for instance, my colleague, Sinclair Lewis, who has caused such a stir in Europe. I gladly acknowledge that once, in *Arrowsmith*, he succeeded in executing a brave task and portrayed the tragedy of a great scientist. But what else has he written? Nothing but popular novels suited to the taste of the average American audience, and when he dares to become sarcastic and throw bitter truths in the face of his fellow countrymen he recalls that the loose-tongued audacity of *Dodsworth* is still shocking his middle-class audience.'

'Your prejudice against American writers sounds as if you had consciously taken the opposite direction and had chosen to follow systematically a solitary path of unpopularity.'

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'No, that is a mistake. Of course, I go my own way and I am proud to know that I am un-American in that respect, although I am a Yankee body and soul. I never went after success and success took vengeance on me mightily by staying out of my way for decades. Now I have arrived.' At this point Dreiser sighed. 'My *American Tragedy* was made into a silent and then into a talking film and I keep receiving lavish offers for writing short stories.'

'Do you fill these orders?'

'Certainly, why not? One is very well paid and, what is much more important to me, these stories do not have to be too short. You know that it is a habit of mine to paint on a broad canvas, to explain at length, and to spend a long time expounding a philosophic thought or a social idea. Previously this prolixity was a handicap to my progress, but now the publishers accept it with happy, cheerful smiles. These gentlemen are very nice to me and I must especially praise my German publisher, Paul Zsolnay, who, I believe, is a fellow countryman of yours and whom I got to know well during my visit to Europe three years ago.'

'I AM bringing you warm greetings from another of your friends in Europe, Professor Bruno Walter.'

'Ah, Bruno Walter!' Dreiser's eyes lit up with joy. 'Those were grand days and nights I spent in Salzburg talking with that artistic genius and utterly great man. To be with such men is the greatest and purest pleasure we can enjoy. When you see him, give him my heartiest good wishes.

'Outstanding artistic personalities still exist, especially in Europe, but our own are mostly imported goods. Yet in the field of exact science America can well be proud and take satisfaction in the steady progress her great inventors have made and in their incontestably important discoveries and in the splendidly organized and handsomely endowed institutions in which they work. There is a long roll of honor of American physicists, doctors, and technicians who have led the way in human progress. But we are more in need of leading statesmen to bring us back to some endurable national policy. We want a statesman in the White House, not a technician. Since Hoover has been in Washington everything has run downhill.'

'Were you more contented with Wilson or Coolidge?' I inquired, very curious to see what answer my question would bring.

'Wilson was an idealist and an idealogue, and a great statesman is neither the one nor the other. Coolidge revealed himself as a harmless man who kept silent because he had nothing to say. Under his presidency things went well and he was therefore known as a good president. Now things are going badly and Hoover has to bear the responsibility.

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'Wherever you look you see demoralization. Plutocrats are squandering their money on anti-Socialist propaganda in Europe instead of spending it here in their own country to decrease the number of the unemployed. They are building asinine palaces of marble and malachite and other semiprecious stones, palaces that insurance companies do not wish to insure since they possess only a sentimental value. Little Vincent Astor inherits three hundred million dollars, while hundreds of thousands of people go destitute. For my own part, I believe that there is only one cure for the poverty in our big cities—a concentrated, thorough relief programme.

'Out into the open air, out into the strong living air of nature. I have just returned from the West by motor, but as soon as I have finished the work on which I am now engaged I shall go West again. In Europe people are attaching importance to the motto, "*Ex Oriente lux.*" We in America are beginning to feel that "*Ex Occidente lux*" is the order of the day and that the West will give us light and warmth as well as a new, healthy, active humanity.'

He raised his voice. Its metallic sound and the excited face and glowing eyes of the speaker reminded me of one of the Old Testament prophets. The whole man had suddenly changed. He had become simple, kind, and friendly. He whom his critics accuse of lacking humor actually glowed with it warmly and deeply. Theodore Dreiser, the dark, doubting pessimist, became a laughing child. I grasped his right hand in mine and as I took leave of him I had the stimulating sensation that I had met a man who is one of the spiritual leaders of our time.

Beauty and . . . Freud

By Max Plowman

From the *Adelphi*, London Literary Monthly

FREUD IS THE DARWIN of our day—the patient, studious lover of knowledge who in the course of his vocation found what seemed to him an important clue to the understanding of his own species, and who pursued that clue with tenacity of purpose until he discovered certain facts about the nature of man which his fellows have, slowly and reluctantly for the most part, been compelled to acknowledge as incontrovertible. Both Darwin and Freud dug about the roots of human nature, Darwin in the field of biology, Freud in the more fibrous soil of psychology. Both met with violent opposition, chiefly from those whose interests lay in other than scientific directions. The names of both will be recorded with those of Descartes, Galileo, Newton, and Einstein among

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the great benefactors of the human race. Both have been followed by disciples whose willingness to apply theories held tentatively by the great men themselves has outrun all discretion. As 'Christian' has come to stand for something in the popular mind very far from the simple and tremendous teaching of Christ, so 'Darwinian' and 'Freudian' stand, for the man in the street to-day, for something Darwin and Freud would have difficulty in recognizing.

Freud is the man of his time who most essentially belongs to that time. In an age of disintegration, he is the great disintegrator; the great analyst in the age of analytics. It is for this reason that he receives so small a measure of justice at the hands of his contemporaries; for we dislike those who are capable of taking us to pieces. Apart from the comparatively small number of people who regard Freud with veneration amounting to worship, he is probably the best hated man now living. The prophet of instinct, he is hated instinctively. Freud is believed to have desecrated the last remaining sanctuary of man's secret and mysterious holiness. He has insulted with the name of incest what was believed to be the most beautiful of all expressions of feeling—the love of a child for its parent. He has substituted for the sacred word that was synonymous with Deity the hideous, atavistic synonym, 'libido.' He has invaded the shadowy, moonbeam country of dreams, which was the traditional land of heart's desire, and shown it to be a cave of lust and rapacity.

Small wonder Freud is instinctively hated. Love is the most spontaneous emotion of which we are capable; it is more natural and comes quicker than hate, being the primary instinct upon which all life depends. Of this instantaneous emotion Freud has made a slow-motion picture designed to show the victim the mechanics of something more native to him than his own breath, more integral to his nature than the motions of his blood. More than this, Freud has evolved a technique whereby this emotion can be artificially produced and brought into play, a technique, moreover, that is an essential part of what, by a gross misuse of terms, has been called the science of psycho-analysis. The artificial stimulation of affection in the patient for the analyst is technically, I believe, called 'transference.' Transference is love, and there is a lot of artificially created transference now in the world, adhering to singularly unsuitable recipients of it, which both analyst and patient would fain be rid of; but they cannot. Small wonder Freud is not universally acclaimed. It is an easy business nowadays to make our houses habitations for those seven devils that are worse than the first.

Knowledge, however, has her sacred rights, and only cowardice and obscurantism will rail against this Pandora of the unconscious. When Freud discovered the secret mechanism of dreams, he let loose

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upon the world a flood of knowledge that will be a very long time integrating itself in the mind of man, but which, when it is assimilated, will as surely lead to 'widening chambers of delight' as any other branch of truly applied knowledge. Freud is a child who has had the curiosity to take the clock of the human psyche to pieces and who, for the life of him, cannot put it together again; but it is better thus than that the clock should stop and remain an object successively of mystery, veneration, and false prophecy. If the soul of man is sacred, it is sacred in its parts, and the mysticism which fears analysis is nothing more than a false traditionalism; it is the mysticism which, instead of seeing the world in a grain of sand, prefers to believe that it may be sensed in nebulous cosmogony.

I said that Freud, having discovered the mechanism of the psyche, which his probings into the realm of the unconscious revealed to him, and taken it to pieces, was unable to put the organism together again. Such a statement will not, of course, meet with general acceptance. For what else, asks the good Freudian, is the whole technique of psycho-analysis designed? The obvious answer is that mechanical reconstruction differs fundamentally from creative life. The bones of a man may be so skillfully hinged together that the skeleton will stand upright without obvious aid, yet a living man is not to be created by such means. Psycho-analysis may teach a man behavior; it cannot teach him life. Analysis is a process whereby a motive for action is discovered, and it is possible for skilled analysis to discover motive behind motive until the whole of the conscious action of a past life is laid bare to the conscious memory of the actor; but beneath the deepest known layers of the unconscious there are unfathomable depths, all potent in their affective power upon the actions of any individual. In the normal life of any child, even after it has left the womb, the unconscious is prompting the most far-reaching actions—actions that may have a determining effect upon character—long before consciousness has begun to function. Confessedly psycho-analysis can not investigate these; and, indeed, were that 'thorough and complete analysis,' which many a whole-hearted psycho-analyst promises his patient, possible, then—so inextricably are we all bound up in the bundle of life—the operation could not be successfully concluded until the first vestiges of life on this planet had been through the analyst's sieve.

Not thus will Freud make the gift of his discovery acceptable to mankind in general. The promises of 'normality' and 'harmonious functioning' fail in their attractiveness while Freud himself, and every other man to whom the word genius has been rightly applied, fail to pass the test. A general application of curative analytics to all adolescents is happily not a scheme which commends itself to human beings whose common-sense knowledge of life teaches them that the law of compensations is one

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of the most potent in the world, and that what we lose on the normal swings the race gains on the abnormal roundabouts. Only in cases of absolute breakdown do we want to see our human motor-cars towed into the psycho-analytic garage—a place worth visiting if only to see how Freud's discoveries are beginning to redeem those howling wildernesses of man's past ignorance, our lunatic asylums.

NO. Freud as a philosopher is far too infantile for our acceptance. At a great price to himself he has succeeded in bringing the world of instinct back into some sort of amicable harmony with the world of intelligence. And for that we owe him profound thanks. Sexual relations will never again return to the atmosphere of shamefaced tolerance which pervaded them throughout Western civilization when we were young. But Freud, having discovered the roots of instinct, is as a man who cannot disentangle himself from them. While I was reading his latest pamphlet (it is little more), *Civilization and Its Discontents*, the figure that recurred to mind again and again was that of a prehistoric monster painfully drawing its enormous limbs out of the river-bank slime and ponderously striding in mazed distraction among the habitations of civilized man. For Freud's lifelong concentration upon one aspect of life has apparently lost him many things, even as Darwin's single-mindedness is reputed to have destroyed his taste for music; and among those things which Freud has lost is the sense of beauty. 'There is no very evident use in beauty,' he can naïvely announce; 'the necessity of it for cultural purposes is not apparent, and yet civilization could not do without it.' As if human consciousness without some conception of beauty were even conceivable! He can blandly describe as 'fantasy pleasures' the 'enjoyment of works of art,' and add that 'art affects us but as a mild narcotic and can provide no more than a temporary refuge from the hardships of life.' Most justly, but without the least hint of any knowledge of a life that was lived in accordance with the precept, he can describe 'the ideal command to love one's neighbor as one's self' as 'completely at variance with original human nature' (though he himself might be puzzled to tell us what 'original' human nature was like) and can therefore dismiss the precept as culturally valueless. Naturally, he has no use for religion, which he can see only in its traditional and debased forms as compensatory otherworldliness.

In fact, Freud in the garden of this world—this place that has moved poets to such hymns in praise of it that we echo their praises if only to give ourselves the grace of fittingness to the garden—Freud in this palace of natural delight where never a day breaks but the heavens burst into blossom and never a night falls but somewhere indescribable beauty

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greets the eyes of men—Freud, who has brought us keys to open fresh doors of the palace that stands in this garden, is himself like a creature going hideously on all fours, snuffing about amid the shrubbery.

But let not the Princess despise him for this. Freud's mortal task was to establish forever the native innocence of the human soul. He who vindicates the instinctive life gives back to the child its stolen birthright, a birthright that has been filched by those who have imposed, and still impose, self-conscious morality upon those who are without self-consciousness. The innocence which Freud would give to men they never can have till by a new birth they enter into that imaginative life wherein love of one's neighbor as one's self is not only common sense but the highest self-extension. But the innocence Freud would confer belongs by right of birth to every child, and not until we see the truth about this innocence shall we leave the company of those who 'offend these little ones.' To the establishment of the principles which grant natural innocence to children, Freud has made the greatest contribution since Blake. When these principles are at last understood, then, perchance, the instinctive life of man will no longer be twisted and contorted by 'complexes,' formed in childhood, which psycho-analysis strives so wearily and mechanically to remove. For ultimately the effort is in vain. Even Freud cannot reverse the wheels of time upon which our lives are spun; the attempt to do so is an attempt to unravel the pattern of life itself. But the freedom of instinct he has foreshadowed we must concede to those who are without self-consciousness. Until we concede it we knot, even in the lives of the unborn, the complexes his painful system struggles to untie.

And Freud himself? I like to think that, as in a garden once before, Beauty will kiss the lips of her monster and reveal a prince.

Marshal Pilsudski

By N. Tassin

Translated from the Weekly Edition of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

'JOSEPH PILSUDSKI!' shouted one of the officers who were escorting a group of prisoners to Siberia. A man of about forty, of middle height with a large moustache, a dark countenance, and heavy eyebrows, emerged from the throng of convicts. He approached the table.

'Off with your hat,' cried the officer to the prisoner.

'We are not in church,' Pilsudski replied.

At these words a noncommissioned officer rushed up to him and pulled his hat from his head. Pilsudski bit his lips to keep himself from protesting.

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This was my first encounter with Pilsudski and it occurred in the year 1903. We made each other's acquaintance later when we rode together in the same convicts' railway car from Moscow to Orel. None of our companions in misfortune nor any of the guards watching over us could have suspected that this man who gave them so many black looks was destined to become the ruler of a great nation.

He was silent, chary of words, but one could feel that he had a turbulent, rebellious spirit. The inner fire that he usually suppressed came to the surface only at rare intervals and I shall never forget the following characteristic scene. The man in charge of our escort, who was traveling first class in the next car, entered our railway car. A noncommissioned officer preceded him and shouted, 'Get up, attention!' Pilsudski and several others remained peacefully seated and the infuriated noncommissioned officer rushed up to him, shouting, 'Get up, you Polish dog!'

The future Polish marshal turned purple with rage and addressed these words to the commanding officer, 'Let me warn you, Mr. Commander, that if anyone ventures to insult me again, blood is going to flow here.'

From then on none of our guards dared to look Pilsudski over too sharply, to say nothing of daring to speak to him. And even with the rest of us, his comrades, Pilsudski spoke but little. Only when the conversation turned to the fate of his beloved Poland did he become excited. He was one of the leaders of the Polish Socialist Party but was a hot-headed patriot above all else. He coöperated with the Russian Socialist Party only on the condition that the party programme should include independence for Poland. In his speeches and proclamations he passionately demanded separation and advocated struggling against Russian absolutism, but only in order to free Poland. The misery of Russian peasants and workers left him cold. Yet he urged the Russians to rise in revolt so that with their help he could free his own country from the Russian yoke. In 1906 a secret conference was held which was attended by representatives of all the Socialist parties of every nationality in Russia. It was on this occasion that Lenin said to Pilsudski, 'You are our companion in arms until the fall of Tsarism, but after that you will turn your back on us.' We can now recognize that Lenin was quite correct.

Two years after this I met Pilsudski in Geneva at the house of the late spiritual father of Russian social democracy, Plekhanov. This time Pilsudski laid his cards on the table. He remarked, among other things, that the unsuccessful revolution of 1905 showed that the Russian people were not yet able to overthrow Tsarism. Some stronger impetus from outside was necessary, such as a war. Furthermore, the Polish Socialists and Democrats ought not, in his opinion, to lend their aid to preparing for a revolution in Russia. He felt that they should form military bodies

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of their own so that when Russia became involved in war they could attack it from behind the lines, that is, from Polish territory. Subsequent events proved that Pilsudski had made a correct forecast. In 1908 he was organizing Polish legions that were destined to play a part of no small significance in the World War.

HE WAS always governed by the idea of creating a free and powerful Poland which would incorporate the Polish territory held by Russia, Germany, and Austria. He hated the German government almost as much as the Russian, since German Poles were suppressed almost as vigorously as the Poles in Russia. Austrian Poles had the best of it and for that reason Pilsudski recruited most of his legionaries in Austrian Galicia. His headquarters were not in Warsaw but in Cracow. Furthermore, the Austrian Poles were the warmest supporters of his plans. Pilsudski often visited Vienna to confer with his friend and comrade, Daszynski, one of the leaders of the Socialist Party in the Austrian Parliament.

Pilsudski was the soul of the Polish conspiracy which caused the Tsarist government so much anxiety and unrest. The patriotic Russian press, that is to say, the newspapers in the pay of the government, called Pilsudski an archtraitor and accused him of being in the pay of the Central Powers. One reactionary sheet, *Novoe Vremya*, announced the actual sums of money that he had received from the governments of these misguided states. In 1915 he was accused of having received about ten million marks from Germany through Scheidemann and about ten million kronen from Austria through Daszynski.

It is possible that Pilsudski actually received this money, but if he did he did not spend it for his personal needs but for organizing legions to weaken Russia's military power. The damage that these legions of his inflicted on the Russian army was very great. We must also not forget that his accomplices in Russian Poland did everything they could to impede the military operations of Russian troops. In almost every village he had planted spies who informed the enemy leaders where the Russian troops were concentrated and where they were planning to attack. The German and Austrian general staffs were given detailed information about the routes of march followed by the armies of Samsonov and Rennenkampf and this information led to the complete rout of these armies in East Prussia.

Pilsudski watched with delight the gradual collapse and disintegration of the Russian army. When hunger revolts broke out in Saint Petersburg in February 1917 and when the time was ripe for revolution he hastily organized a Polish Council of State in Cracow to constitute a kind of

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provisional Polish government. A month later Nicholas II abdicated and a provisional government was set up in Saint Petersburg led by Prince Lvov, who invited Pilsudski to coöperate in building up the new Russia. But Pilsudski sent the new Russian rulers a proud proclamation that Poland was independent. This contention was denied and he was asked to await the convocation of the All-Russian Congress, which alone could determine the future form of the Russian nation, but he would have nothing to do with such a scheme.

After the Tsarist government had fallen Pilsudski led his legions against Germany in June 1917, but he was taken prisoner and interned in a concentration camp near Magdeburg. After the World War he returned to Poland and was received in Warsaw as a national hero. His dream has now been realized. Poland occupies a respectable place on the new map of Europe and is a nation of twenty-three million inhabitants. Pilsudski was the natural candidate for the post of war minister; thus the former revolutionist and terrorist became a Polish marshal. Two years later he took over the highest office in the republic, becoming prime minister, but the position was not suited to his active temperament and abounding energy. He therefore laid it aside and again assumed charge of the Ministry of War, a post that he had abandoned when he became prime minister. At the same time he also occupied a position that is not provided for by the Constitution, the position of dictator.

THIS state of affairs has now lasted for twelve years. Nominally the president of Poland names the prime minister, but in reality the president has always followed Pilsudski's orders and any minister who has dared to take a different line from the marshal has been forced to resign at once. Both domestic and foreign policies have been carried out in accordance with Pilsudski's orders, with the result that a split has occurred between him and his former comrades, the Socialists. During the first years of his rule attempts were made to bridge the gulf, but now all efforts are futile. Pilsudski has not only been renounced by the Socialists but even by the Democrats. This former revolutionist who used to preach war on the castle and peace on the house of the peasant is singing a new refrain. The high Polish nobility has hailed Pilsudski as its own and sees in him the strong man who will protect it from the rebellious lower classes. But Marshal Pilsudski is far from being such a complete despot as Mussolini, for instance. He would have been glad to have taken Mussolini's course but he encountered strong opposition from parliament and the great majority of deputies will not bow to his will.

Mussolini dissolved parliament and in 1926 Pilsudski followed his example, but it brought him no nearer to his goal. In Poland there is a

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strong working class that even in the days of the Tsar received good political schooling, and the intellectuals have also developed effective tactics to defend their democratic principles. Had it not been for the opposition of these two groups, Pilsudski might well have succeeded in suppressing them both. Here and there, however, strikes broke out, demonstrations were held, and there was even bloodshed in the streets. Pilsudski saw that he would have to assemble parliament again, but it does not coöperate with the dictator and conflicts between parliament and the government have therefore continued.

A characteristic dispute occurred in November 1929, on the day when parliament was being opened. The political situation was very acute and Pilsudski wanted to silence at any cost the strenuous opposition that had developed against his dictatorial power. He therefore appeared personally, accompanied by a hundred loyal officers, a gesture that could not fail to be interpreted as a threat to parliament. At this point he encountered the determined resistance of his former comrade and friend, Daszynski, who is now the president of the lower house. This man declared that the session could not be opened until the officers had left the chamber. A hot exchange of words followed but Daszynski remained obdurate and Pilsudski finally had to yield. Not long ago, however, when parliament convened after six months of inactivity, it was dissolved immediately upon opening. Pilsudski had triumphed again. In order to follow up his success, he has now arrested more than twenty deputies representing the Socialists and the Radical Peasant Party and has imprisoned them in Brest-Litovsk. He has also threatened one hundred and sixty more deputies with the same fate, and the struggle is therefore at its peak.

Pilsudski has always been a fanatical enemy of Russia, and Germany comes second in his hatred, for he cannot seem to forget his imprisonment in Magdeburg. Pilsudski is one of those men who cannot forgive.

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Here is the full text of Sir James M. Barrie's address to the students of Edinburgh University, which he delivered when he was installed as Chancellor to succeed the late Lord Balfour.

ADVICE to the Young

By Sir James M. Barrie

From the *Sunday Times*
London Independent Sunday Paper

[Note.—*The Masson, Campbell-Fraser, and Blackie referred to below were well-known professors at Edinburgh University in Sir James Barrie's student days. He has written of them in his book,* An Edinburgh Eleven.

The Lister mentioned is Lord Lister, the famous discoverer of antiseptic surgery.

'Wite' is a Scottish dialect word meaning blame or fault.

'Smiddies' are blacksmiths' shops, and 'bothies' cottages where ploughmen live in common.]

I WAS UPLIFTED—how could it be otherwise?—when I found that my Alma Mater wanted me to come back for another course. But now that the lightnings are upon me I am riven with misgivings. What have I dared? O, why left I the eyrie of a solitary to go wandering in the great unquiet places? This college of renown,—for wherever I find myself to-day I feel that I am in the old college; these walls dissolve; it is more like Masson's lecture room; Campbell-Fraser raises his beard again; I hear Blackie singing,—what has my old college been about in remembering me, she who was once so noted for her choice of pilots? All I can say to you in my defense is: yours the wite for having me. I dare say you could still get out of it, for I question whether Edinburgh has asked Whitehall's permission to elect a chancellor.

My anxious desire is to follow—very humbly as needs must—in the ways of my illustrious predecessor, Lord Balfour. That name has a tang to it that is sweet to the Scottish ear. I once had an argument, across the waters that lie between us and Samoa,

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with Robert Louis Stevenson, about which was the finest-sounding Scottish name. He voted for one who was, I believe, a kinsman, Ramsay Traquair. But I thought, and still think, that Balfour is better. How like our great Chancellor to have the name as well as all the rest!

I first saw him here—I mean in the old college—in my student days. He was addressing one of the university societies on Philosophic Doubt. I can not now recall with certainty which, but it was the one I tried to become a member of and they wouldn't have me. However, I did contrive an entry that night, and the abiding memory is the dazzling presence of him, his charm—though as Dr. Johnson never said, is there any Scotsman without charm?

Lord Balfour's charm has been talked of by some as if it was the man himself, but oh no, it was only his seductive introduction to us, playing around him, perhaps to guard against our ever getting nearer to 'the man himself.' It still played around him when he faced the blasts in his country's cause. It loved the great adventure. Did you ever notice how much ground he covered with his easy stride? It was so also with the stride of his mind. So many offices did he adorn. I was once speaking to him about some past event, and he said, 'Yes, I remember that—I was prime minister at the time—or was I? At any rate I was something of that kind.' So light apparently his knapsack.

I have seen him—toward the end—writing the memoirs of his early days that have just been published. It was in one of the loveliest of English gardens, and he was reclining under the tulip tree on a long chair, swallows sailing round, jotting down as if the life and times of Arthur Balfour were only another swallow flight.

As for myself, I vowed as the alarming day of this august ceremony drew near to model my installation address on his; and on sitting down to read it I found he had never made one. Instead, I see him to-day smiling charmingly at my predicament.

THE University is now a very different place from what it was when I matriculated. Even on that day the old college, which perhaps never wore an alluring beam of welcome on her face, seemed so formidable that a famous Edinburgh divine, Dr. Alexander Whyte, had to accompany me to her awful portals and push me in. For some time I hoped he would do this every day.

I learn from the *University of Edinburgh Journal*, itself a notable growth, that since ten years after they got rid of me (they did not put it in that way) seventeen new chairs have been added. Many vast academic departments have arisen. The methods of lecturing, of examinations, have been overhauled. This magnificent hall has sprung up, and all the avenues leading to graduation in it have been made appropriately stiffer and steeper. Unions and hostels, such as, alas, were not in my time, now give Edinburgh students that social atmosphere which seemed in the old days to be the one thing lacking; the absence of them maimed some of us for life. The number of students has increased by over a thousand. Perhaps greatest change of all—woman. Yes, 'female forms whose gestures beam with mind.'

What a glory to our land has this

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University been since the first acorn, when one man—but what a man, Principal Rollock—did all its work single-handed near by the site of the Kirk of Field! No wonder that we, in gratitude, have erected a monument to him and called a chair after him. Or have we? I learn now—for history sleepeth not—that the Kirk of Field is famous for a marital rumbling close by, in which the aim of a husband was to blow up Mary Queen of Scots. That is the new theory.

A more fitting one for us would be that some fearful Scot, himself on fire for a degree, made that explosion to clear the ground for a university. Whoever was responsible, a queen or a prince, or Andrew Soutar, M.A., a fire was lit that will last even longer than the controversy.

Since that small beginning—Edinburgh of a daughter—the University has risen nobly to the grapple; she has searched the world for the best everywhere to incorporate it in her own. How parochial if she had done otherwise. And now so much has been accomplished that one may ask what remains to do. It is easier to cry, 'Onward!' than to say whither. We might go onward till we got clean out of Scotland. Many of our students are from across the border. They come from every civilized land; and it is our proudest compliment, for it means that they think they get something here which is not to be got elsewhere.

They are all welcome so long as we can contain them, and so long as they are satisfied that what is best for us is also best for them. But our universities must remain what our forbears conceived with such great travail—men of the smiddies and the plough, the loom and the bothies, as well as scholars—they must remain, first and foremost, something to supply the needs of the genius of the Scottish people.

Those needs are that every child born into this country should as far as possible have an equal chance. The words 'as far as possible' tarnish the splendid hope, and they were not in the original dream. Some day we may be able to cast them out. It is by education, though not merely in the smallest meaning of the word, that the chance is to be got. Since the War various nations have wakened to its being the one way out; they know its value so well that perhaps the only safe boast left to us is that we knew it first. They seem, however, to be setting about the work with ultimate objects that are not ours. Their student, from his earliest age, is being brought up to absorb the ideas of his political rulers. That is the all of his education, not merely in his academic studies, but in all his social life, all his mind, all his relaxations; they are in control from his birth, and he is to emerge into citizenship with rigid convictions which it is trusted will last his lifetime.

The systems vary in different lands, but that seems to be their trend, and I tell you they are being carried out with thoroughness. Nothing can depart more from the Scottish idea, which I take to be to educate our men and women primarily not for their country's good, but for their own, not so much to teach them what to think as how to think, not preparing them to give as little trouble as possible in the future, but sending them into it in the hope that they will give trouble.

There is a small group of the intelligentzia very much afraid of any such creed, because its members are so despondent about their fellow crea-

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tures. They are not little minds, they contain some of the finest brains in the country, but they are as gloomy as if this were their molting season. They think their land may endure a little longer if the new generations are plied with soporifics. All they ask of us, especially of youth, is a little all-round despair. No more talk about hitching your wagon to that star. Few of us have wagons, and there are no stars.

HOW do you like it, you new graduates? Are those the resilient notions you are carrying away with you in your wallets? Is it Lochaber no more for you? I don't believe it. The flavor cannot have gone out of the peat. The haggis can still charge uphill. I'll tell you a secret. Have you an unwonted delicious feeling on the tops of your heads at this moment, as if an angel's wing had brushed them half an hour or so ago? It did—I speak from old memory; and it carried with it a message from your University. 'All hopelessness abandon, ye who have entered here.' She trusts your wallets contain, as her parting gift to you, 'those instruments with which high spirits call the future from its cradle.'

She hopes that you are also graduating in the Virtues, in which, being an old hand at granting academic honors, she knows better than to expect more than a pass degree. It is quite possible that your time here has done you not good but harm—if it has made you vain, for instance, of your accomplishments, too solemnly serious about their magnitude. I have seen Lord Haldane sitting with his head in his hands because he knew so little. Mr. Einstein has a merry face; he looks at us almost mischievously, and no wonder.

Has your learning taught you that Envy is the most corroding of the vices, and also the greatest power in any land? Are you a little more temperate in mind? Have you more charity? Do you follow a little better —say about as much as the rest of us —the dictates of kindness and truth? You may be very clever, destined for the laurel, and have smiled at the unfortunates who fought for bursaries or to pass in, failed, and had to give up their dear ambitions, but if their failures taught them those lessons they may have found for themselves a better education than yours.

You may discover in the end that your life is not unlike a play in three acts with the second act omitted. In the neatly constructed play of the stage each act moves smoothly to the next, they explain each other; but it may not be so with yours—it is not so with many of us. In less time than I hope you now think possible, for I would have you gay on your graduation morning, you will be far advanced in the final act.

There has been a second, your longest one, but how little record you have probably kept of it! All you know may just be that this man or woman you have become is not what you set out to be in the days of the Firth of Forth. That may not even damp you much, if prosperity has made you gross to some old aspirations. You may not know how or when the thief came in the night, nor that it was you who opened the door to him.

But something bad got into you in the middle act, and lay very still in you till it was your familiar. Slowly, furtively, it pushed, never stopped

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pushing slowly, for it never tires, until it had you out and took your place. You may sometimes roam round the earthly tenement that once contained you, trying to get back. Perhaps you will get back. That sometimes happens. We may hope, however, that by the grace of God what entered was something good.

All I can assure you is that in that second act, now about to begin, something will get in which is either to make or to destroy you. It has got in already if an uphill road dismays you. Would you care to know my guess at what is an entrancing life? Carlyle said that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains. I don't know about genius, but the entrancing life, I think, must be an infinite love of taking pains. You try it.

One word more. The 'Great War' has not ended. Don't think that you have had the luck to miss it. It is for each of you the war that goes on within yourselves—for self-mastery. Those robes you wear to-day are your khaki for that war. Your graduation day is your first stripe. Go out and fight. Do not come back dishonored, as in many ways I do.

Are we not all conscious, fitfully, of a white light that hovers for a moment before our lives? It comes back for us from time to time to the very gasp of our days. Comes back for us—to take us where? So quickly fades, as if unequal to its undertaking. Is it a messenger from that star? Are stars souls? The inaccessible star. If any one of ours has reached his star, it was our Lister. The inaccessible, friendly star. If we could follow the white light!

How I have been preaching! It is not usual to me. It is against the 'stomach of my sense'! I feel that it has gone to my head. I look around for others to preach to. My eyes fall on the honorary graduates. I refrain with difficulty. For the present goodbye. I wish I was a little less unworthy of this gown. I will do my best.

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The Royalist editor of the *Action Française* analyzes his father's genius and interprets Alphonse Daudet as the incarnation of the spirit of France.

My Father ALPHONSE

By LÉON DAUDET

Translated from *Candide*
Paris Literary and Dramatic Weekly

THE LATIN celebrations this year in honor of Virgil and Mistral have drawn attention to a novelist who wrote in the French that is spoken north of the Loire but who, since he originally came from the district where the *langue d'oc* is spoken, was thoroughly impregnated with the Latin spirit. I refer to my father, Alphonse Daudet. This was his great originality, which he shared with Montaigne, whose famous remark on style we still remember: 'Gascon gets there if French cannot.'

The verbal roots of the language spoken north and south of the River Loire are the same, but the terminations and the phonetic inflections of Provençal speech make it more suited to the expression of amorous passion and the atmosphere of death. It is better adapted to apostrophes and invocations, whereas French in the proper sense is more suited to abstractions and philosophic or logical considerations. I am expressing the same idea in more homely terms when I say that northern French is the cold-water faucet of our syntax, whereas Provençal French is the hot-water faucet. With Alphonse Daudet hot water flowed from the cold faucet. It would be a mistake to say that he was not interested in general ideas, but what he did realize was that a penetrating sensation or a true and powerful emotion such as love, friendship, devotion, sacrifice, or resignation often contains more philosophy than one of those majestic theses that do not live for more than fifty years unless they are written by a Descartes or a Spinoza, an Aristotle or a Plato.

Alphonse Daudet evoked the atmosphere of love and death with the same brilliance and in the same now ardent, now veiled rhythm as Virgil, Mistral, and all the great Latins.

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Take, for instance his first great masterpiece, *L'Arlésienne*, and another story of equal quality, *Le Trésor d'Arlatan*, which he wrote toward the end of his life. In both of these creations we find the same sensual and dramatic thrill, the same mixture of ardent desire and ever-present death. In *Sapho*, a carnal poem in prose, jealousy of the past and the increasing weight of an irregular life provide the shadows, while light is furnished by the persistent beauty of Sapho's sculptural body and the troublesome emotions it arouses in the young Provençal, Jean Gaussin.

Anyone familiar with the people of the South knows what a devouring rôle the passion of love plays in their lives, the poet, Mireille, being the most famous example of this fact. But there is another *langue d'oc* love poet, Theodore Aubanel, who wrote a poem entitled *La Grenade entr'ouverte* in which the fire of desire, the despair of departure, and the desolate bitterness of memory sing the same song that is to be heard in the work of Alphonse Daudet; for both men had Latin blood and inherited the same verbal traditions, at once harmonious and warm.

Oscillation between laughter and tears, or between irony and melancholy, is an outstanding characteristic of the truly Mediterranean spirit. My father used to say that a popular song which would be accompanied by tears in the North would be accompanied by laughter in the South. Suppose that a husband and wife meet after a long separation. The northerner would sing, 'Why do you cry, my lovely Florence?' 'I cry because you are my husband.' The southerner, on the other hand, would sing, 'Why do you laugh, my lovely Florence?' 'I laugh because you are my husband.'

THIS is an appropriate place to observe that my father possessed more than any other French writer the faculty of exciting lively emotion with the aid of appropriate words or of a grammatical ellipsis or a silence in the syntax. This is due to that condition of the soul, part way between laughter and tears, which corresponds to that hour in the world of nature when twilight steals over the countryside, a twilight when it is no longer day and yet not night, a twilight in which Latin poets see visions of Limbo. There is not a single work of Alphonse Daudet's that does not reveal a hundred times over this emotional indecision, which made his success so real among people of every condition, but above all among people who are generally referred to as 'little fellows,' no doubt because their hearts are often bigger than the hearts of others. He gave a clear and distinct expression to those noble sentiments that so many people feel vividly but do not express, either through inability or a sense of shame.

Other writers and other poets who were not Latin had the same gift of sentimental oscillation, though to a less degree—Dickens in prose and Heine in poetry. Dickens, however, was a mixture of Latin and Anglo-Saxon sensibilities, whereas Heine wore a rather cruel expression, a kind of grimace that Alphonse Daudet never wore. Sorrow embittered Heine, but it enlarged my father, opening still wider the doorways of beauty, compassion, and rich indulgence. With my father these doorways opened on the

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horizons of Mistral and Virgil, on a golden hillside, a white road bordered with cypresses, and a tomb of streaked marble set behind pine trees. This perspective, which sometimes ran along the shore of the blue sea, is the perspective we get in *Lettres de mon moulin*. The ignorant passer-by, the child, or transported lovers may look upon it as joyful and full of gaiety, but anyone who has lived and has known suffering surveys it with different eyes as he dreams of that sad human condition for which paganism offered no remedy but beauty and love. 'I am bursting with pity,' my father used to say as he puffed at his little pipe, and this was quite true. He went naturally to people who suffered, who were in affliction or need. But here, although he lacked faith in the strict sense of the word, the spirit of the Gospels was grafted on to his Latin spirit, as the roads of Palestine prolonged in his imagination the roads of Provence. He was the son of a very pious mother and lived in the shadow of the cross, which accounts for the Catholic emphasis in all his work.

Alphonse Daudet has been defined as the novelist or poet of the family. Nothing could be more just. Protection of the mother, the attentive tenderness of the husband, the joys and cares that children give, the misery of abandoned little waifs, gentleness beneath the family roof, the dangers that big cities bring to family life, all these elements constitute the socially Latin and traditional basis of his whole work as well as of his personality. And what writer's work and personality are more intimately connected? A sovereign who cared for the cohesion and grandeur of his people would have pushed, praised, and glorified Alphonse Daudet for championing the family as Henry IV praised and glorified Montaigne for his enmity to religious and civil warfare, as Louis XIV praised and glorified Molière over and above all others, Molière, an advocate and apostle of moral and family health, the enemy of vice and hypocrisy.

My father believed the Latin axiom that the greatest respect is due to childhood. At his table, where everyone who counted in Europe was received, no indecent stories were tolerated and he did not let me read Brantome, which I had, however, secretly procured, until I was eighteen. Speaking of so-called sexual education, that form of insanity which is now so fashionable, he often used to say, 'Nothing is worth so much as divine ignorance.' This trait appears again and again in Provençal families, chiefly among the peasants and at the tables of big country houses, of which one sees so many in the Saint-Rémy region, where the moral bearing and respectability of the language have never ceased to be honored. Respect for the mother and for old people illuminates the pages of *L'Arlésienne* as it does those of *Sapho*, which shows how infatuation can become a dissolvent of the family and a social danger. In *L'Evangeliste*—a masked history of a vicious attraction and a most curious work—the seizing away of a girl from the love of her mother is one of the most heart-rending incidents in all literature.

As for love of country, to which every true Latin sacrifices all other earthly affections and even himself, Alphonse Daudet wrote of it with incomparable magnificence in *Contes*

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du lundi and in *Robert Helmont*. This noble sentiment, which is on the same plane with filial love, is as natural to the healthy man as eating and drinking. It exists because it exists, like love and honor. It is not to be discussed. It is above controversy. Alphonse Daudet set it forth without boasting, without begging, but with an unshakable certainty, and these two books are a schooling in civics. I also recommend, in *Soutien de famille*, the last book my father wrote, a just and perspicacious description of parliamentary institutions through which the life and substance of the country flow. But all his work in all its parts is a hymn to France, to Provence, and to the Latin spirit, just like the work of Mistral.

It is also a hymn to good sense, and it is here that my father's classicism resided. When he described some aberration he did not present it as praiseworthy or lacking in disagreeable consequences. When he displayed vices or vicious persons he would present them as such and not as carrying the day in the face of virtue. No normally constituted man, unless he is religious or a saint, escapes the sway of passion. Alphonse Daudet showed sin and its consequences and he pitied that man or woman who undergoes them. (Take for instance Duchess Padovani in *L'Immortel*, Frederi in *L'Arlésienne*, and Fanny in *Sapho*.) But he did not sugar the pill or paint the lily. He let sweat and tears flow and the verse of Lucretius was ever present in his mind: 'Then Venus in the forest joined the bodies of the lovers.' He also remembers the invocation to Venus by the same Lucretius: 'Engendress of the sons of Æneas, pleasure of men and of gods.'

It remains for me to discuss the language of Alphonse Daudet. It is highly original though classic in form, for it represents the alliance of the written and the spoken word. It is careful, to be sure, but not constrained, affected, or gaudy. It is, in the words of Montaigne, 'the same on paper as in speech.' His style is marvelously improvised, since he wrote at a time when the mania for Chateaubriand and Flaubert was imposing infinite repetitions of the opening passage. He was a singer out of his time yet above all time. Physically, the prose of Alphonse Daudet is derived from Livy by way of Amyot, whom he admired as much as Racine, and it also shows the influence of Tacitus, whom he constantly read. From Livy and Amyot he inherited flexibility and the art of revealing the nuances of the mind. From Tacitus he got his brilliant nervousness and his engraver's touch.

He was one of those who, equipped with the best of instruments, have best revealed the truth to us without dwelling too much on the dark side of life. The Latin, even when he is satiric, does not emphasize gloom,—take Juvenal, for instance,—but he believes, as my father once said, that there are certain observations which a wise human spirit had best keep to himself. It is this that distinguishes him from the Slav, who feels the need of saying everything and confessing the lowest depths of man. My father loved human personality to the extent of not confessing its entirety, a trait he shared with Virgil and Mistral. He kept to himself, to the end of his life—he died at the age of fifty-seven—the sombre parts of his experience.

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The London *Observer's* dramatic critic, who has spent a winter with the New York *World* and has written several successful novels and plays, tells why Vienna is the finest city in all Europe.

A Visit to Vienna

By St. John Ervine

From the *Observer*
London Independent Sunday Paper

I WENT to bed in France and rose up in Germany. All night I had tossed from side to side, remembering too well the reports I had read of railway accidents in France. I recollected that Alan Parsons, writing of a journey to the South, stated that 'at Lyon, we had the usual French railway accident!' I recollected that a man had told me that French engine drivers are fined if they bring a train late to its terminus and are rewarded if they arrive before they are due. I adapted a poem by Hood to my condition, and said, addressing the entire directorate of the French railways as one person:—

Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a dramatic critic that nobody owns.

Then I wondered why the compartments are called sleepers, for never in my life have I succeeded in sleeping in one, not even in the superb and magnificent sleepers of the Scottish night express. I tried to induce unconsciousness by counting sheep. I counted all the sheep that are in the world, but remained awake. Shall I, I said to myself, turn on the light and read some more about Saint Augustine? But, although I could not sleep, I was too tired to read, so I lay in the dark, saying to myself, 'So this is travel!' and, as I said it, the train gave a great lurch, and I felt sure that we were off the rails and probably halfway down a precipice.

Lances of light began to pierce the window, but I did not welcome them, for I was now too tired to do anything but lie and curse the blessings of progress until I felt that the conductor would wish to put my compartment tidy. Then I rose and dressed myself, but did not dare to shave. A barber in London had told

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me, with what novelists call a wealth of detail, how he had nearly hacked his head off while shaving in a swaying train. It was the nearest thing, I gathered, to self-guillotining that he had ever heard of! I resolved to carry my bristles to Vienna.

There was no soap in my wash basin, and, forgetful as usual of the penurious natures of Continental railway magnates, I had omitted to bring any with me. Reader, have you ever tried to wash your face with shaving stick? Strange, is it not, that shaving stick, which is so profuse with lather when one shaves, becomes latherless when one tries to wash with it?

I could give myself no more than a cat's-lick, and so, feeling grubby and disreputable and rather criminal-looking, I left my sleeper to seek the dining-car. Instantly I fell into a confusion, for the diner had been next to my carriage on the previous night, but now was several carriages away. For one awful minute I thought that I must have died in the night and that this was the sort of train one hears of at spiritualistic seances! . . . I caught sight of the conductor, a very likable chap, whose father is French and mother English, and felt reassured. The train from Paris had been added on to us at Stuttgart.

I ate an exquisite German breakfast, as I had eaten an exquisite French dinner on the previous evening, and fell to wondering why it is that meals on English trains are so often foul. That spoonful of tepid dishwater which is called soup, that dollop of clammy turbot, that piece of tasteless mutton congealing in brown water, with potatoes that taste like inferior soap, and vegetables that must have died of drowning, that frightful fruit tart, with its crust baked separately from the fruit that probably came out of a bottle, and custard that is too yellow to be true and tastes like hot slime, and that withered cheese—is there a brand of cheese made only for English railway companies?—and that warm ditch drainage which is called coffee . . . well, perhaps, one is ungrateful when one rails at that food, for it probably caused us to win the War. A people who can live through an English railway meal can live through anything.

At half-past six, after thirty continuous hours of travel, we drew into Vienna, where I was met by Herr Erich Glass, the translator of *The First Mrs. Fraser* into *Die Erste Mrs. Selby*. He took me to my hotel and said, 'We shall go to-night to see Strindberg's *The Father* at the Raimund Theatre!' and I, who generally crawl into bed after a long railway journey and have a good cry, said, 'Good!'

OF all the cities that I have visited, Vienna is by far the finest, and if I were compelled to leave England, which Heaven forbid, I should gladly settle in it. I like Paris well enough, despite its air of being a calculating female, but I would rather live in Rouen or Tours, in the first because of the place, in the second because of the people. New York is a place in which to live for one month, no more; but I could contentedly spend the rest of my life in Baltimore or Boston or Chicago. Chicago is about to become the handsomest city in the world, handsomer even than Vienna, and,

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when it has achieved its destiny, New York will merely be its port: the Calais or Dover of the Middle West.

I would not live again in Dublin for the entire revenue of the Irish Free State, but Cork is a town that would tempt me to stay in it, and I could live very happily in Glasgow. If I had to go to an English provincial city, I should choose Exeter, but if I were forbidden to go there, I should go to Birmingham or Liverpool. If I had to choose between going to Manchester and going to Golders Green crematorium, I should choose the latter. I disliked Bruges, was bored in Brussels, but loved Antwerp. It is the fashion now to belittle Cannes, but I found it a happy place in which to live. If anybody wants Amiens, he can, so far as I am concerned, have it. But now, going over in my mind all the cities that I have seen, I feel certain that I should prefer Vienna to all of them if I were exiled from England.

I am glad that I did not see it in the days that came immediately after the War. It must have been a terribly striken city then. This is no part of the paper in which to meddle in politics, but a dramatist is a man who has to deal with life and he must not permit himself to be put in a corner and told that this or that is none of his business. Perhaps Austria-Hungary *was* a ramshackle empire—it certainly fell to pieces very quickly—but the state in which the victorious powers, if they may now be called victorious, left Austria was one which may fairly be called terrible. The great city of Vienna was suddenly cut away from its roots; it became a capital without a country, and was in a plight as parlous as London would be in if it had to draw on territory no bigger than Scotland. The people who suffered most terribly from this contraction of their country were the middle class, for there was scarcely any employment for them in what was left of Austria, and they were forbidden by other countries to come into them. It is an odd result of the War that one's passport now bears the warning that one is permitted to go into a foreign country on condition that one is not seeking to work in it. So with a foreigner seeking to come here. We are all making ourselves very narrow. The nations of the world are keeping themselves to themselves.

Vienna, however, is recovering from its war-time troubles. It is not rich, may never again be rich, nor is it gay in the febrile fashion of New York or the cold-blooded, cash-registering fashion of Paris, or the slightly frowsty and self-conscious fashion of London. Compared with these cities, indeed, it may be said not to be gay at all. Where everybody is poor, nobody is poor. I went to Vienna in the belief that I should see a night life surpassing any that I had ever seen, but there is a dizzier night life in Lisburn or Market Harborough or Pitlochry than there is in Vienna, which is an early-to-bed and early-to-rise city.

Dr. Friedrich Bauermeister, who kindly conducted me over some of the municipal buildings at the request of the city authorities, generally arrives at his office at 7 A.M. If an important officer of the London County Council were expected to be at County Hall at that hour every morning, he would instantly expire. I certainly should, for early rising is not a habit that I have been able to contract. Theatres begin at 7 or 7.30 P.M., and the play is usually over by 10.30 P.M. New York

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begins to stir at midnight; Vienna is comfortably asleep at that hour. If any are abroad after 12 P.M., they are probably foreigners looking for the gaiety of which they have probably read much.

But although Vienna is neither rich nor sensationally gay, it has an ease in poverty, an exquisite equability of temper which the Viennese themselves call '*gemütlichkeit*,' which makes and keeps it the most amiable city in Europe. It is the least noisy city I have been in. I do not know any streets which may so safely be crossed as the streets of Vienna. It is planned in a very felicitous fashion, and in complete disregard of rising ground values, and it contains more things to see than are to be found in the whole of the United States. Two singular facts have to be noted about Vienna: one, that most of the modern city was laid out in the reign of Francis Joseph, who ruled the Austrian Empire for sixty-eight years and died, after a very tragic life, in 1916; the other, that although Francis Joseph was a man almost without taste, he made Vienna beautiful.

One is instantly aware of good taste in Vienna, of a sense of style in its people, of an air of easily worn culture, of immense civility. Wherever one turns in this city one sees the signs of a well bred people. Vienna is full of magnificent churches and superb public buildings. Parks and open spaces are common. Trees are everywhere. There is room in which to turn and move about. The Viennese when they built a gallery or a museum or a palace or a café did not stop to think of the value of land; they took as much ground as they thought fit, with the result that everywhere one has a sense of roominess, of large buildings, of space in which to stretch one's self. Every other building in the town seems to be a café, and every café seems to be as large as Westminster Palace. A Viennese café is more than a mere eating house; it is a club to which one has not to be elected, which does not require an entrance fee or an annual subscription, where one may spend the evening reading all the important newspapers of America and Europe at no greater cost than the price of a glass of beer. Vienna is the city of exquisite leisure, the one city in the world where it is very little hardship to be poor.

BUT I am running ahead of myself, and must return to my first evening in the city. Erich Glass convoyed me to my hotel and told me that we were to see a distinguished German actor, Paul Wegener, in Strindberg's play, *The Father*, at the Raimund Theatre that very evening. There was no time for formal eating, so I said, 'Take me where I can get two Frankfurt sausages and a glass of light beer and I shall be content!' He did so, and for the rest of my stay in Vienna I ate sausages and drank beer at night. Nor do I wish any person better fare. The Raimund Theatre had especial interest for me because in it was to be performed on the following Friday my own play, with Fritzi Massary in the part played in London by Marie Tempest.

Taxicabs are very cheap in Vienna, cheaper, I think, than they are in Paris, and I almost lived in them. Glass and I drove what seemed a long way from the centre of the city, and arrived at the Raimund, where a

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great crowd was surging into the theatre. Theatres in Vienna are widely dispersed. There is no street in the city which can be called its Shaftesbury Avenue or its Broadway. Traffic would be more easily managed in London and New York if our managers had scattered their playhouses as widely apart as the Viennese managers have scattered theirs.

Although *The Father* began at a late hour for a Viennese theatre, it was over at what would be called an early hour in London or New York. In Paris, of course, no play can possibly conclude before midnight, even if the manager is driven to the use of half-hour intervals to secure that it shall not end earlier. Some authors in Austria, I was told, complain that the early hour at which plays begin, by preventing playgoers from eating a lavish dinner, fills the theatre with an excessively critical audience. Hunger sharpens the wits, and authors who might achieve great success before a replete and slightly somnolent audience find themselves exposed to acute questions and consequent failure because their work cannot survive sharp examination.

I recollect that Sir Arthur Pinero many years ago advocated the abolition of late dinner and the substitution for it of high tea. Perhaps the explanation of the odd fact that wits seem to be sharper in the pit than they are in the stalls is to be found in the eating habits of the occupants of these parts of the auditorium. I noticed, however, that a thriving trade in food was done during the intervals of plays in Vienna. In the foyer, I found youths and maidens, to say nothing of more elderly persons, consuming enormous sandwiches and making havoc among the very creamy buns to which the Viennese are addicted. Never in my life have I seen people put away such quantities of cream as the Viennese put into themselves. I feel faintly sick at the mere recollection of their achievements in that direction. On the whole, however, I think that the Viennese system of playgoing is better than ours, although I felt at a loose end one night when I emerged from a theatre at 10.10 P.M.

WHAT greatly impressed me about the performance of Strindberg's play was the preponderance of young people who were present at it. The theatre seemed to be crowded, and the young were in force, and very attractive young, too. I regret to say that the late comer is as great a nuisance in the Viennese theatre as he is in the London theatre, except at the state theatre and the state opera house, where he is compelled to stand in the corridor until an act is over. Why the privately owned theatres cannot follow the example of the state owned theatres in this matter is a puzzle to me. The Viennese playgoer makes no bones about expressing his opinion of the late comer. Let one of these offensive fellows even breathe heavily as he goes to his seat and immediately he is heartily hissed.

After the performance of *The Father* I went to a café where American and English journalists foregather with Viennese correspondents of foreign newspapers, and there sat until one in the morning. By this time I had seen enough of the Viennese to observe a fact which was confirmed by my observation during the rest of my

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stay in Vienna—that a large percentage of the population has an English look. There are many people in Vienna who would seem foreign to our eyes if they were set down in London—what may roughly be called Slavonic and Teutonic types—but an amazing number of the Viennese have English features. Indeed, it is difficult to feel alien in Vienna, where there is so much friendliness that only a man profoundly morose could feel himself a foreigner.

The number of English-speakers in the city must be enormous. Wherever I went I found people who spoke my language better than many persons in England speak it. In one of the cafés a woman who carried a tray of cakes from table to table spoke colloquial English admirably. In a shop where I bought some articles for presents I was served by two girls whose English was fluent. One of them, who had never been out of Austria, had a slightly American intonation. She pronounced her *r*'s very prettily, and when she had to say the word 'nature' she said 'nature,' not 'nay-chah,' as the Southern English do. This girl speaks French and English and German. I wonder how many shop assistants there are in this country who can speak three languages fluently. The other girl had lived before the War in London and in Leeds. She liked Leeds! It was dirty, of course,—Vienna is a beautifully clean city, because any person who throws paper on the street is summarily fined by the police,—but, nevertheless, she liked it. The family life, she said, was so beautiful. 'We have not that in Vienna. It is different here!' Those of us who sigh for the café life of Vienna may, perhaps, be warned by the wistful fashion in which this girl longed for the home life of Leeds.

I HAD been in Vienna for four days before I saw sight or sign of the Danube, which is less impressive here than it is reported to be at Budapest. Vienna seems to have withdrawn itself from the river and has turned most of it into a very fine canal. I could not believe my eyes when I first saw its waters. Were we not all lately dancing to a tune which insisted on the blueness of the Danube? Well, the terrible truth must be told; the Danube is not blue: it is pale green. I am not saying that it is not beautiful; I am saying that it is not blue. So, in future, the waltz had better be known as 'The Pale-Green Danube.' I pretended to myself that the color of the river comes from glaciers—the water in Switzerland is the color of green jade—but I was prosaically assured that it comes from the limestone through which it flows. *Is* that prosaic? Why should I imagine that a river leaping from ice is more romantic than one staining itself with limestone? I don't know. And since I have nothing illuminating to say on that subject, I shall write of policemen instead.

I was shocked to see that the Viennese policemen carry staves and swords and revolvers. How can so genial a people require to be so fiercely policed? In a republic, too? We are a monarchy, but our policemen have no need of swords and revolvers, and if they carry truncheons, as I am told they do, how often do we see them? I have lived in London for thirty years, but I cannot recollect ever having seen a policeman's truncheon.

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Are republicans, then, more ferocious than monarchists? Perhaps, for in New York the police are armed, too. These republicans must be a bellicose lot. I should despair of my country if a policeman could not direct the traffic without the assistance of a truncheon and a sword and revolver. The Viennese police are controlled by the Austrian Government, which is composed of Christian Socialists, who would, in this country, be called crusted Conservatives. But Vienna is governed by Social Democrats who would in this country be called crusted Labor men, and since Vienna is now substantially the largest part of Austria, the municipal body feels that it is really more entitled to govern Austria than is the national authority, which lives mainly on the suffrages of the peasants. The Viennese lorry driver, therefore, feels that he is striking a blow for better municipal government when he runs over a bobby.

On my second day in Vienna, Dr. Friedrich Bauermeister came to my hotel and told me that he had been charged by the municipality to bid me welcome and to show me some of their institutions. I was led to a handsome motor-car and driven to the Town Hall, a truly magnificent building with a great courtyard in which Max Reinhardt once gave a theatrical performance. The purpose of this visit was that I might see some uncommonly good illustrated statistics and models as a preparation for what I was to be shown.

Vienna is a finely planned and built city. Its streets are wide and beautiful and green with trees, and it contains more handsome buildings and churches than any other city in which I have been. But those who made Vienna a city of fine buildings forgot to house the working people in any decency, and the result of their forgetfulness was that this city of splendid architecture was also one of the most overcrowded and ill-housed cities in Europe. The Social Democrats assert that, after allowing for royal palaces, such as the Schönbrunn, which has 1,441 rooms, and private mansions of great size, about four persons on an average occupied each room in the city. This seems incredible, for it denotes that some rooms must have had more than a dozen persons crowded into them, but the Social Democrats stand by their statement: 'Thirty thousand families lived in small one-room apartments, each dwelling having but a single window, opening usually into a narrow, dark court.'

In 1923, therefore, the municipal authorities resolved to show the world an example in the rehousing of their people, and by means of a graduated house tax imposed upon every householder, rich or poor, raised enough money to start building. They did not build more than they had money to pay for. They have rehoused 45,000 families, and hope by 1932 to have rehoused another 15,000 families, which means that in nine years from the date on which they began their scheme they will have rehoused about 300,000 persons. This is a very substantial feat, especially when we remember that Vienna was, and still is, a stricken city.

A Viennese workman in one of the fine blocks of flats allowed me to look over his apartments. They seemed small to me, but, compared with the sort of place in which working people

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had to live before, they must appear palatial. If Francis Joseph and his court had remembered the poor when they were making Vienna a fine city, the Hapsburgs might still be on their throne. I was struck by the affection with which the emperor is mentioned. No one, so far as I could discover, desires the restoration of the monarchy, but no one has any but the kindliest feelings for the old man who ruled his empire for sixty-eight years and died when he was in sight of ninety.

I SAW a laundry, furnished with the finest machinery, in which, for a few groschen, a working woman can do a week's washing in a short time out of her home but close to it. Here are none of the miseries of washing day. The Viennese workman does not return to a home cluttered with moist clothes and reeking of hot soapsuds. I was taken to one of the magnificent open-air swimming pools, where the whole family—father, mother, and children—disport themselves. Austrians have a passion for sunlight and water. I have never seen so many sun-browned working people as there are in Vienna.

The weather was very warm while I was there, and workingmen went about thinly clad. I saw a laborer sitting on a seat in the Ring, not far from the Hotel Bristol, where I was staying. He had cast his jacket from his shoulders and was sitting in the sunshine in what seemed to be a meagre swimming suit: thin pants and a thinner vest. Nobody saw anything unusual or improper in the sight. What would happen to a man who sat outside the Piccadilly Hotel clad only in a bathing costume I can not and dare not imagine.

I was full of envy when I saw the Viennese leaping into their swimming pools and emerging from them brown and wet and glowing with health. These people may have been terribly hit by the War, but out of their misfortune and poverty they have drawn a better life than they had. All this beneficence of life was not, indeed, achieved without the infliction of wrong and injustice. The middle class was deliberately ruined by sad tricks with the coinage, and I am told that if one were to penetrate into places where people who hide their poverty are to be found, many persons, the majority of whom are old, would be found in destitution.

After I had seen these buildings, I went back to the Bristol to get ready to go to the opera house to hear a performance of *Aida*, and as I entered the door I ran into my friend, Sidney Howard, the American dramatist, who wrote *They Knew What They Wanted* and *The Silver Cord*. I seemed at one time always to be running into him or Sinclair Lewis whenever I landed in a foreign country. We agreed to meet again later, and I hurried off to the opera house, which, fortunately, is only across the street from the Bristol. What a place it is!

I see that the word 'magnificent' frequently occurs in this article, but I cannot refrain from using it. It comes as naturally to the tongue when one talks of Vienna as 'beautiful' comes to it when one talks of a sunset. The Operntheater can accommodate 2,318 people, although it looks as if it could accommodate many more than that number. It was crowded on both nights that I went to it, and practi-

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cally every person was seated before the opera started, although it began at 7 P.M. Those who were late had to wait in the corridors until the end of the first act. The production was on the grand scale, and at one time there must have been three hundred people on the stage, yet there were no signs of overcrowding.

On the following Sunday I went again to the Operntheater to hear Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, with Alfred Piccaver and the great Lehmann in the cast—a truly wonderful performance. Herr Glass and I had immense difficulty in obtaining seats, and had to be content with two in the highest gallery. We sat at the side in a position from which it was difficult to see the stage. The architect had thoughtfully put a pillar in front of me to ensure that I should not see the stage, but I managed by performing acrobatic feats to catch a glimpse now and then of Lehmann. That was a night of music. I completely forgot that I was taking part in what austere persons in England call the Continental Sunday or that I was endangering my immortal soul by being there at all. But what did I care? I had heard Lehmann sing in what is, perhaps, the great piece of music of our time.

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In this youthful poem, now published for the first time, Friedrich Nietzsche reveals the same religious fixation that led him to crown and close his literary career by writing *The Antichrist.*

Before the CRUCIFIX

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Translated from the *Tage-Buch*
Berlin Radical Weekly

AT THE TURN of the century a customs inspector with the common name of Meyer, a broken, crushed, and quite embittered man, used to squat in one of the customs alcoves in the chief station at Metz. Nobody knew that forty years before he had been a very close friend of Friedrich Nietzsche at Schulpforta. Paul Deussen, the third member of the little group that used to exist at that time, describes in his *Memories of Friedrich Nietzsche* this 'certain Meyer, who was handsome, attractive, and witty and a clever caricaturist, but who was in a continual state of war with the teachers and the school regulations. When he reached the upper section of the second highest class he had to leave; Nietzsche and I accompanied him to the door and walked sadly back after he had disappeared from our sight on the Kösener highway.' Five years later Deussen saw him again and found him 'broken by all manner of contrary turns of fate, physically and morally sick, and at odds with God, the world, and even himself.' In 1900, Deussen, who had meanwhile been appointed to a professorship in the University of Kiel, described him as follows: 'He had been made a lowly tax official and later disappeared entirely, having apparently died.' But Meyer was still alive and grumbled rather disgustedly about Deussen when he was shown this passage in the reminiscences. Often in his solitude he would think of his happy schoolboy years, over which the name of Nietzsche threw so much light in retrospect, and he cherished among other souvenirs of his friend the following youthful poem, that until to-day has never been published.

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Before the Crucifix

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

'STONE block up there, a weak fool stands
Below here.
What is thy will, what dost thou see,
Staring on this new wonder?
Thy strife is over now,
Thy arm is stiff, weary thy head.
If I saw men kneel thus to me
I'd be so weary
I'd have leaped down long since.

'I kneel before thee here in dust
And ashes—
Down here! So thou art deaf?
Here, take my flask!'
He throws it, breaking it to fragments.
It crashes loud, the statue stands
Unmoved, still high upon the cross.
The man's eye prays
To die and to die soon.

'God knows, that's a real simpleton
Up there.
His head is hard—no doubt of that—
It's all that can be said for him.
The flask smashed into bits,
The bitter drink all spilled;
Yet he gave thanks when, sick to death,
He sipped a sponge
Bitter with drops of vinegar.

'And now the crowd appears with song
And clamor.
They lick up all the drops that run
Down and along thy body.
They kiss and they embrace
And for my drink, so bitter sweet,
They offer up to thee—mad jest—
The best of thanks
For all thy death throes.

'And yet—the poor chap still stays here
Alone
And looks at me so pale, so staring,
I grieve for his poor bones.
Come with me here to earth!
Thou standest still too long for me.
I fear thy silence, like it not.
Thou poor unfortunate,
Happy we two will be.'

Heavy of foot, he raised himself
And stretched
Leisurely, then he smiled, then laid
His hand across his eyes.
Dizziness slowly seized him,
Yet once again he gazed aloft
And shouted, 'Christus, hark to me,
I come to thee.
May the last voyage be happy.'

He grasped the statue's icy feet
And flinched.
The Savior, so it seemed to him,
Had sent down chilly thanks.
And now he raised his body
Wearily reaching upward toward
The hand so cold, the icy hand,
And fixed his eye
On the dark-shadowed head.

And does it live—and weep? Tears run
On stone.
He licks with haste and greed;
He licks the flowing liquor.
'Thou wilt save me, save—
I pull thee here below to me.
Raise me upward from the grave,
The eternal grave,
And from the chains of Hell.'

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The columns stood as still as death
In terror;
They heard a universal din—
The bells of Judgment Day.
He lay stretched prone. . . . Gently
A little wasp came buzzing round
His lifeless eyes and stiffened limbs.
It was alone
And buzzed with hollow sound.

A coin lay on the ground, quite dull
With rust.
On it were stamped the Devil's hand
And mark—a trifling thing
In heaven or on earth.
The soul, still clinging to the cross,
A soul sunk deep in sin and lust,
Thinks itself blessed,
But damned it has to be.

We append here the German text of the poem for the benefit of those of our readers who are able to enjoy it in the original.

'Steinblock da oben, blöder Narr,
Herunter!
Was willst du noch, was siehst du starr
Auf diese neuen Wunder?
Du hast nun ausgerungen—
Dein Arm ist steif, dein Kopf ist müd.
Säh' ich, wie jeder vor mir kniet,
Wär' selbst so müd,
Wär' längst herabgesprungen.

'Ich taumle hier vor dir in Staub
Und Asche—
Herunter! Bist du denn nur taub?
Hier hast du meine Flasche!'
Er wirft sie hin zu Scherben,
Das Glas zerklirrt, das Steinbild steht
Noch unbewegt, am Kreuz erhöht,
Sein Auge fleht
Zu sterben, bald zu sterben.

'Weiss Gott! Das ist ein rechter Tropf,
Bleibt oben,
Fürwahr, er hat 'nen harten Kopf,
Das einz'ge, was zu loben.
Die Flasche ging in Splittern,
Verschüttet ist der herbe Trank—
Für Schwamm und Essig sagt er Dank,
Zum Tode krank,
Und wirft doch 'rab den Bittern.

'Nun kommen sie mit Sang und Schall
In Haufen
Und lecken ab die Tropfen all,
Die an dir niederlaufen.
Sie küssen und sie herzen
Und meinem süssen bittren Trank
Dem sagen sie—ein toller Schwank!—
Den besten Dank
Für deine Todesschmerzen.

'Und doch—der arme Kerl bleibt hier,
Alleine.
Und schaut mich an so bleich, so stier,
Mich dauern seine Beine.
Komm mit mir auf die Erden!
Du standst so lange—mag ich nicht!
Du schwiegst so bange—lieb ich nicht!
Du armer Wicht,
Wir wollen lustig werden.'

Er stieg hinauf, die Füsse schwer,
Und reckte
Sich mählich, lächelnd auf, bis er
Die Augen sich bedeckte.
Ein Schwindel fasst' ihn leise,
Doch wieder sah er auf so stier,
Rief gellend: 'Christus, her zu mir!
Ich komme zu dir!
Glück zu der letzten Reise!'

Er fasste nach dem kalten Fuss
Und wankte,
Ihm war's, als ob mit eis'gem Gruss
Der Heiland nieder dankte.
Er riss den Leib, den matten,
Empor und fasste nach der Hand,
Der kalten Hand, der Eiseshand,
Den Blick gebannt
Aufs Haupt voll düstrer Schatten.

Und lebt's? Und weint's? Die Träne rinnt
Am Steine;
Er schlürft sie gierig und geschwind,
Das Nass vom Branntweine.
'Du wirst mich retten, retten,
Ich reisse dich mit mir herab,
Reiss mich empor zu dir vom Grab,
Vom ewigen Grab
Und von der Hölle Ketten.'

Die Säulen standen totenstumm,
Erschrocken:
Sie hörten's dröhnen rings herum,
Des Weltgerichtes Glocken.
Am Boden lag er.—Leise
Umsummte eine Wespe sein
Gebrochen Auge, starr Gebein—
Sie war allein
Und summte dumpfe Weise.

Am Boden eine Münze lag,
Verrostet,
Darauf des Teufels Hand und Schlag
Geprägt, was wenig kostet
Im Himmel und auf Erden.
Die Seele, die am Kreuze hängt
Und, tief in Sünd und Lust versenkt,
Sich selig denkt
Und doch verdammt muss werden.

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The author of *Angel Pavement* and *The Good Companions* explains why he and not James Joyce or Aldous Huxley represents the quintessence of modernity.

On Being MODERN

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

From the *Week-end Review*
London Independent Conservative Weekly

SOMETIMES I begin to imagine that nearly all people who write and talk about books are wrong in the head. If there was as much nonsense knocking about in other departments of life as there is in this of books, I cannot believe that we should ever have eggs for breakfast or waistcoats with the right number of buttons or trains that set out for Liverpool and really arrive there. Take this 'modern' business. I have a right to take it, because nobody suffers from it more than I do. Whenever I bring out a novel, one set of persons goes about crying, 'Oh, there's nothing in that fellow, Priestley. He's not a *modern* novelist at all.' Another set gives an opposition roar: 'This is the chap for us. Thank God, he's not one of your *modern* novelists.' Both parties have decided I am not modern. If this goes on for a few more years, I shall begin to feel like a ghost, will not visit my friends any more but only haunt them if they should happen to be staying in old houses. Probably my publishers will stop paying me any royalties, on the ground that I have been dead such a long time.

What do they mean? They make me feel like Alice with the Red Queen and the White Queen and the other queer creatures. What looking-glass stuff is this *modern?* If you are not modern, then how do you become modern? Who is moderner than who, and who is modernest? Who decides the degree of modernness? Who is in charge of this department? Who started this *modern* nonsense? What is a *modern* novel?

At this point, somebody inevitably says, 'James Joyce,' so let us stop for a minute in order to dispose of Mr. Joyce. If modernity must be claimed, then I claim far more than Mr. Joyce, who really is rather an old-fashioned writer. To begin with, he never seems to write about anything but Dublin in

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1904. (And this, when you come to think of it, is rather unenterprising of him, for he must have been to all manner of places since and met the most extraordinary people.) Then again, he fusses all the time over the disadvantages of a Jesuit education, and the conflict between a young man's impulses and the teaching of priests, very old-fashioned stuff really, not belonging to this age at all. Again, he wants to create a new language for his work, which is terribly Late Victorian of him and is the sort of pedantic thing that Pater might have considered doing. Mr. Joyce is a man with a kind of verbal genius and he has written at least one really great short story, but, having now appointed myself the supreme judge of modernity, I do not think I can pass him. I push him back to the Parisian 'eighties and our English 'nineties, to the Diabolists and Symbolists and other quaint little folk; he is Yellow-Booky, only with more dots and lavatories.

Having got so far, I might as well go the whole hog. If you want to know who is the most modern of our novelists, I can tell you now. I am. I am the modernest of all. Moreover, I am going to play fair. The people who tell you that I am not modern never give any reason for this statement, nor do they offer any comparisons; they merely say 'not modern' as a man might say 'not a Boojum,' and then leave it at that. But I propose to give reasons, to offer comparisons, and to have nothing whatever up my sleeve. To begin with, then, it should be obvious that a novelist does not become modern simply by dealing with incest or perversion in his work, by spending his time examining the most fleeting thoughts and tiniest spurts of emotion in the minds of his characters, if only because we all know very well that these things are not new. It is true that there is something called 'the new consciousness,' which I have seen mentioned in very obscure periodicals, solemn little reviews that have nearly always quietly died after achieving this phrase. Now if being a modern novelist has something to do with this 'new consciousness,' I must admit defeat at once, for I must confess I do not understand what this new consciousness is, how new it is, wherein it differs from older consciousnesses. I am thoroughly stupid and ignorant about this new consciousness. A few people seem to understand it, but they will not take the trouble to explain. We must, I think, set aside this new consciousness, and assume that it only makes its appearance, like a family ghost, at the deathbed of a solemn little review.

NOW let me see what I can do. I declare at once that a modern is a man (or woman) who is essentially of this age, a 1930 man. Is that me? (My grammar is strictly modern, always was.) You've said it! I am a man of this age. Any work of mine will be of this age, and its contemporary note will be recognized at once by all who have not stuffed into their ears the cotton wool of criticism-by-way-of-jargon. I am a child of my time, one of its characteristic products, and I could not have lived in any other age. Hip, hip, hurray!

Now let us look at some of my contemporaries among novelists, splendid fellows all of them but not—you must understand—up-to-the-minute. There is Mr. Aldous Huxley, who has re-

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cently made a welcome and characteristic appearance in these columns. Mr. Huxley, like me, was born in the year 1894, but, unlike me, he made a mistake, being exactly one hundred and fifty years out of date. Born in 1744, he would have been happy. He would have had a glimpse of, perhaps a talk with, Voltaire, would have corresponded with Horace Walpole, subscribed to Gibbon, heard the new Mozart quartettes, accepted an appointment from one of the benevolent despots, and hobnobbed, a trifle sardonically, with young Goethe. That was his period, not this, and I defy him to deny it. Such a man may write very entertaining novels, as Mr. Huxley does (though I wish they were not always about the *poseurs* he met in 1921 or 1922), but he cannot be expected to write modern novels. Nor can we be surprised when a philosophical eighteenth-century man writes novels filled with long debates that take place on the terraces of large houses. Modern? I give a hollow laugh.

There is Mr. Mottram, who can always be read with pleasure, but it is absurd to call him a modern novelist when you never know whether he is writing about the Norwich of the Reform Bill or the Norwich of the Baby Austin. There is Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, whom I am prepared to push back into the later 'nineties, to keep Stephen Crane company. There is my friend, Mr. Gerald Bullett, who writes so many letters to this paper that he does not seem to have time to write anything else. I have spent hundreds of hours in his company, and I am ready to take my oath that never for a single hour was he as modern as I was. I am far, far moderner, and yet when he brings out a novel the chorus does not rise, 'This is not a modern novelist.' Perhaps he does the trick by writing to all the papers all the time.

I seem to have more contemporaries among women novelists than among men, so I suppose I ought to mention some of them, though I hate doing it, because women get far too much free publicity nowadays They all appear to have escaped this *modern* nonsense, but I cannot see why. I believe that Miss Delafield is really a contemporary of Jane Austen, but nobody mentions it. Miss Margaret Kennedy, for all her Tyrolese antics, is no later than an Edwardian. Miss Storm Jameson is a Victorian. I would not dare to say what Miss Rebecca West is, whether ancient or modern, so let us pass her by. As for Miss Stella Benson, I should never have the audacity to call her old-fashioned; but she is not modern, she is futuristic, and sometimes terrifying, as the future is apt to be.

If you want to know what is characteristic of this age, you must think of all the things that are forever being denounced. Think of industrialism, democracy, free general education, and all those things—and then remember me. I am their product. My world has been the world of industrial towns, long rows of little houses all alike, elementary schools, football matches, Moss's Empire, fish and chips, free libraries, the *World's Classics* (and you cut down your tram fares to buy them), cheap music, four-day excursions, ready-made clothing, ''Ello, 'ello, oo's yer lady friend?,' bully beef, trenches. . . . This is the world I write about, putting it down exactly as I have seen it, as honestly as I can. If the people who say that I am not modern are right in the head, then my wits are addled or gone.

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One hundred years ago this autumn William Hazlitt died at the age of fifty-two. Here is an essay of unusual quality written in his memory and praise.

In Memory of Hazlitt

By Arthur Ransome

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Liberal Daily

On SEPTEMBER 18, 1830, William Hazlitt, as he lay dying, remarked that he had had a happy life. He spoke the simple truth. Those savage attacks in *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly* did not matter now. 'Fetid, blear-eyed pug,' had they called him? What of it? A man does not judge his life by his enemies' libels. He was not likely to regret having spent his life on the unpopular side, as one of a minority that had, he was well assured, 'a proxy for posterity.' Of all the knocks that had been dealt him he could say, as he had said when John Hunt hit him in the face during an argument, 'I do not mind a blow. Nothing affects me but an abstract idea.' It was not of such things that he was thinking.

He remembered the tall hollyhocks of the Montpelier Tea Gardens, where he walked with his father (the Unitarian minister who had taken his family to America in search for liberty and a living, and, not finding the latter, had brought them home again). He remembered the tiny chapel in the little Shropshire town of Wem, and his father's house with the garden where, after his task was done, he watered seedlings that, in spite of his care, drooped in next day's sun. He listened once more, coming out of chapel, to the talk between his father and an old lady that had set him, at fourteen, ruminating on the theory of civil and criminal legislation, perhaps at the very time when brother John was painting a miniature of him, remarkable still for its bright, critical, cogitative eye. He saw again the drab walls of the Theological College, lit for him with the happiness of the day when his tutor had been so interested in the new theory that he had accepted it in lieu of a set task. He had left the college when he knew that he could not honestly become a minister.

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And then, when he was back at Wem, reading, walking, and thinking, Coleridge had come to Shrewsbury. 'It was in January of 1798 that I rose one morning before daylight to walk ten miles in the mud to hear this celebrated person preach.' What was it Coleridge had said a day or two later when he had come to Wem and found no one in the house but the boy? That he had been talking these two hours to William Hazlitt's forehead? No wonder, after such a compliment from such a man, 'the leg of Welsh mutton and the turnips on the table that day had the finest flavor imaginable.'

Life had begun anew on that day when Coleridge had asked him to come to Nether Stowey in the spring. How wet he got on the way there. He remembered the night he spent sitting up by an inn fire, drying his clothes and reading *Paul and Virginia*. From the house of one poet at Nether Stowey they had walked to that of another at All-Foxden and found him out, but Miss Wordsworth had let him look at the still unpublished sheets of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Coleridge read aloud from them. Wordsworth had come walking in, back from Bristol, talking with a North-Country burr of the play he had seen there and 'making havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table.' And then, walking down the coast with Coleridge, they had seen the sun go down into the sea beyond the Bristol Channel, with its ball of fire fretted by the masts of a ship, like the sun in the poem. Why could not the world have stood still in that happy spring of 1798, when nothing was impossible and man had hurrying feet on the highway to perfection? Why should time have gone on to allow such men as Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey to applaud the destruction of the revolution they had welcomed? Was there more divinity in the right of kings in 1815 than there had been in 1794 or in 1688? How was it that they would not, could not, see their apostasy for what it was?

Even then, in 1798, when one came to look into the matter, the poets were already shrinking from their first allegiance to the cause of the people. 'The loudest chanters of the Pæans of Liberty' were already on their way to become 'the loudest applauders of the restored doctrine of divine right.' But at twenty he had not known it. He had taken for granted that the politics of his heroes were those of his father's house at Wem. Philosophy and poetry filled his mind. The London coaches were bringing Cooke's little editions to the Shrewsbury bookshops. Ten miles there and ten miles back were nothing. He saw the blue line of the hills through the trees that shaded the Shrewsbury Road, and felt again the latest volume in the pocket of his coat.

He would be a painter, like brother John. No, like Rembrandt; and, a little later, like Titian. And what if he had been? Painters made fine old men and happy ones. Rapt from the world to paint a wrinkle, to catch the texture of shadow on an old, bloodless cheek, or that of sunlight on a bit of broadcloth, they were exempt from so much. He thought of Northcote. But he had to think of Haydon too. Not all painters were Northcotes. And then he was in Paris, in the Louvre, making copies, and each day, when the time came to close the galleries, rejoicing in the republican 'Il faut fermer, cito-

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yens!' One glimpse and one only he had had of Napoleon with his iron-bound face, fit to set by Cromwell's.

And then, a portrait painter 'who had studied in Paris,' he was back in England, in the Lakes, grating somehow on the poets, who had plainly outlived their old enthusiasms. No wonder Wordsworth had a hangdog look and that his portrait had had to be destroyed. Happily, round Liverpool and Manchester there were rich men to be painted who did not force him in looking at them to regret what once they might have been. But he was falling out of conceit with his painting. Words 'were the only things that lasted forever.' He remembered how, hungry after living on coffee for a fortnight, he slurred over the reddish-brown coat of a man of business to get his five guineas, with which he hurried to Manchester Market Place to dine on sausages and mashed potatoes (perhaps in that same old house that to-day has a fishing-tackle shop in its upper story), and while his sausages hissed in the pan read a volume of *Gil Blas* 'containing the account of the fair Aurora.'

YES, he was finding his way now. If 1798 was one of the great years of his life, 1805 was another. That was the year in which one winter's day, finishing a portrait of his father, and hearing the great news of Austerlitz, he walked out to see 'the evening star set over a poor man's cottage, with other thoughts and feelings than he could ever have again.' That was the year in which he had been able to wrap up a copy of his first book to send to Coleridge in Malta. 'There are moments in the life of a solitary thinker which are to him what the evening of some great victory is to the conqueror and hero . . . milder triumphs long remembered with deeper and truer delight.' Sooner or later the world would realize the value of the metaphysical discovery that book contained. He could afford to wait. 'Truth and nature would never wear out.' His essays he valued at a lower rate. Lectures and essays alike were for him but the by-products of thought, on which alone he prided himself. He had found writing hard enough at one time, but when he had learned the knack of it there was no real difficulty about it.

Lying there dying he remembered not the essay-writing (he had poured out *Table Talk* at the rate of ten pages a day) but the stuff of life that had gone into it. Some plays, his favorite seat at Covent Garden, Miss Stephens in *The Beggars' Opera*, Dignum in the farce *No Song, No Supper*, that he had seen in Liverpool forty years ago. Some pictures, Claudes, Poussins, Titians, and Rembrandts, one or two visits to Wilton or to Fonthill. Some walks, 'twenty, thirty miles along the Great North Road,' or over the Wiltshire Downs, 'clear blue sky overhead, green turf beneath his feet, a winding road before him, and then to thinking.' Hard indeed it was if he could not 'start some game on these lone heaths.' One or two notable days at the racket courts, too, and that drive down into Berkshire to see the fight, and Joe Pigott's green silk handkerchief that he borrowed for the journey back. 'And I must say it became me exceedingly.'

How his best moments had etched themselves into his consciousness, with visible, palpable detail. There was that

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day when, tired from a long walk, he came into the yard of an inn at Alton, and was shown into a wainscoted room, with a grave, dark portrait of Charles II over the chimneypiece, and beds of larkspur in an old walled garden showing through the window. 'I had *Love for Love* in my pocket, and began to read; coffee was brought in in a silver coffeepot; the cream, the bread and butter, everything was excellent, and the flavor of Congreve's style prevailed over all.' Or he was at Winterslow again: 'I used to walk out at this time with Mr. and Miss Lamb of an evening to look at the Claude Lorraine skies over our heads melting from azure into purple and gold, and to gather mushrooms, that sprang up at our feet, to throw into our hashed mutton at supper.' Or he was back in the smoky room of the Southampton Tavern, relishing, among undistinguished friends, the 'tone of lively, sensible conversation' that was what he looked for in good prose.

And then among these memories would come that of the dreadful day in 1815 that brought the news of Waterloo and of the triumph of the legitimate monarchs, helped to their victory by an England that had forgotten (as he never forgot) that her kings had been given their job of sovereignty by Act of Parliament. Yes, then indeed there had been ghoulish-glad dancing on the grave of liberty by men who when young had seen the French Revolution as dawn after night. Well, the French, too, were fickle people, and might relapse once more. But this was 1830. He had often wished that Milton could have lived until 1688 to see the triumph of right; 1830 was to him what 1688 would have been to Milton. He had lived to see Charles X in flight from France and the Tricolor raised again as the flag of a free people. No wonder he could look back on his life and call it happy.

The autumn afternoon was closing in. There were men in the room beside his son. Was that Charles Lamb beside the narrow Frith Street window? His oldest friend, though they had sometimes quarreled, a man whom he could not help but love, though one strangely careless of other men's political backslidings, uncertainly sensitive to the fate of liberty, almost indifferent, one might say, to the relations between monarchs and their subjects, but still Charles Lamb. And the room darkened, and his life was over.

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BOOKS ABROAD

THE ESCAPED COCK. *By D. H. Lawrence. Paris: The Black Sun Press. 1930.*

(J. Middleton Murry in the *Criterion*, London)

THE fable of *The Escaped Cock* is simple. Jesus (who is never mentioned by name, but always as 'the man'), after his crucifixion, returns painfully to life in the rock tomb. He creeps out of it past the sleeping guards. Hidden in a peasant's garden, and cared for not unkindly by the man and his wife, he slowly recovers his strength in the warmth of the sun. He becomes a wandering physician, and, after many days, comes in his wandering to a little temple of Isis in Lebanon, by the seashore. The virgin priestess believes him to be Osiris, for the fragments of whose broken body Isis, the goddess, is searching; and she loves him, and he loves her. But there is death in his body still; it does not thrill with the desire which is life. The virgin priestess anoints him, and by her tender touch expels the death and awakens life and desire in him. Their union is consummated in the temple. They stay together until she has conceived. Then, since his life is threatened, he escapes and leaves her. Both man and woman are content.

Inevitably, such a fable will be resented by some as an outrage and a blasphemy. They must be left to their resentment. The story is beautiful, with all the beauty of sorrow and seriousness. It does not, in any part or in any degree, proceed from that Lawrence—sometimes real enough—who took a sardonic pleasure in outrage. It comes from his deepest and most suffering self, and, God knows, that was both deep and tortured; and it has the significance of a final declaration. It is his last will and testament: not a fragment, but a total statement.

Its meaning can be grasped only in relation to his whole work; and this is not the occasion to trace to their origin all the threads which are woven into this story. But the essential ones are manifest. A great love of Jesus, a great criticism of Jesus. We brush aside all talk of outrage, and declare that no writer, of history or fiction, has ever dealt more tenderly with the figure of Jesus than Lawrence has done here; the great love of Jesus cannot be mistaken. The great criticism of Jesus is twofold, and reveals an acute conflict of soul in Lawrence. Jesus utters Lawrence's judgment upon him to Mary Magdalene when he appears to her:—

'My triumph is that I am not dead. I have outlived my mission and know no more of it. It is my triumph. I have survived the day and death of my interference, and am still a man. . . . I wanted to be greater than the limits of my hands and feet, so I brought betrayal on myself. . . . Now I can live without striving to sway others any more. For my reach ends in my finger tips, and my stride is no longer than the ends of my toes. Yet I could embrace multitudes, I who have never truly embraced even one.'

What does it mean? It means that Lawrence thought that the mission of Jesus was a surrogate, a compensation. He tried to give to all mankind

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the love which he could not give to one human being. In the new clairvoyance of his resurrected body, he sees the causes that have made him what he was; and he repudiates his mission. He says again: 'Lo! I cannot make even my own life, and what have I to save?'

Is the criticism, granted its premise, a valid one? Surely, not at all. Surely it shows a curious failure of true imagination. For no matter what the causes of Jesus's devouring love for his fellow men were, the effect was a new and a different thing. In the order of life—and spirit is only the subtlest kind of life we know—no effect is equivalent to its cause; it is always a miracle, unique and new. And the teaching and destiny of Jesus is to be judged in itself, not by its origins, even if we knew them. If Jesus had, during his mortal career, been conscious that the cause of his being what he was, and doing what he did, was what Lawrence believes it was, why, then, that mortal career would have been an utterly different thing—perhaps rather more like Lawrence's own career.

But if we refuse this criticism as invalid, Lawrence makes a second, more fundamental. 'To save the world' is, in itself, a barren and deceptive dream. The resurrected Jesus looks upon the world.

The man who had died looked nakedly on life, and saw a vast resoluteness everywhere, flinging itself up in subtle or stormy wave crests, foam tips emerging out of the blue invisible, a black and orange cock, or the green flame tongues out of the extremes of the fig tree. They came forth, these things and creatures of spring, glowing with desire and with assertion. They came like crests of foam, out of the blue flood of the invisible desire, out of the vast invisible sea of strength, and they came colored and tangible, evanescent, yet deathless in their coming. The man who had died looked on the great swing into existence of things that had not died, but he saw no longer their tremulous desire to exist and to be. He heard instead their ringing, ringing defiant challenge to all other things exciting. . . . And the destiny of life seemed more fierce and compulsive even than the destiny of death. The form of death was a shadow compared to the raging destiny of life, the determined surge of life.

Looking upon this world with the clairvoyant eyes of after-death, Jesus asks himself: 'From what, and to what, should this infinite whirl be saved?' And the answer is: No, the world cannot be saved. But is it so certain that Jesus wanted to 'save' the world? Was not the essential of his message that the world did not need saving, but that men needed saving from their own subjection to it? He spoke in the mode of his day, in the forms of a thought for which a cosmic catastrophe and a cosmic renewal were possible and imminent; but, as I understand his message, it was simply that men needed to achieve the vision of the spirit, to lift themselves beyond the flux in which they were immersed. In this sense the world can always be saved, and forever needs to be saved—simply because it is man's duty to be man, and not lapse from the humanity that has been painfully won for him.

THIS, which is to me the essential of the message of Jesus, I do not think

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Lawrence ever understood. Jesus was to him simply the incarnation of a desire to love and be loved; a man who preached a gospel of love. But there is more than one order of love, though it is probably true that the rarest can not be reached except through the suffering of the others. The rarest 'love,' which is of the spirit, is beyond all desire, and beyond all anxiety; and it embraces all things. It was unknown, or but fitfully known, to Lawrence. Therefore Jesus is to him a man who cheats himself with an illusion of universal love to stop the craving of his heart: and the love which he imagines belongs to the same order as the love which he craves—let us call it perfect human tenderness.

Lawrence imagines Jesus in a second life on earth. The knowledge of himself which was concealed from him is now revealed to him; and by a goodly miracle the power to love a woman in the body which was denied him is now restored. 'Now he knew that he had risen for the woman, or women, who knew the greater life of the body, not greedy to give, not greedy to take, and with whom he could mingle his body.' Such a woman he finds in the virgin priestess of Isis, who brings his body to its final wholeness. It is not easy, it is impossible, to see wherein the *greater* life of the body is apparent between them. They love, they are tender and happy in their love, as ordinary human beings are not unknown to be, and they have the promise of a child. Jesus leaves her, but he will return. He asks no more, he is content. His former life must be a distant dream. Love, tenderness, fulfillment, between a man and woman—that is the utmost that life can hold. Because Jesus lacked it, he became a Savior; denied the possible, he strove for the impossible.

As a parable, the story is lovely, tender, and profound. Yet in this summary we give it with a deceptive simplicity. Hidden beneath its seemingly lucid surface is a contradiction and a conflict. For the resurrected Jesus is still Jesus, and not another. That is to say, the Jesus who finds fulfillment and peace in a perfect human love is still that Jesus who was what he was because that fulfillment was denied him. More than this, his human love is perfect precisely because he was Jesus and not another: the supremely isolated man. He brings to his human love all that deep and bitter knowledge of the ultimate isolation of the human soul which he gained because human love was impossible to him. The love between him and the virgin priestess is not, as it seems to be, a simple love. It is one begotten of desire upon impossibility. 'Rare women,' says Lawrence in the beginning of the second part, 'wait for the reborn man.' 'Rare' is a little less than the truth. It should run: 'The reborn woman waits for the reborn man.' Thus Lawrence, seeming to reject the saying of Jesus to the Sadducees, in reality asserts it again. For whether we say, 'In the resurrection of the dead, there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage,' or 'In the resurrection of the dead alone is there marriage and giving in marriage,' it is the same thing. Perhaps Lawrence was unconscious of what he was doing; it becomes only the more significant for that. 'Truly art is a sort of subterfuge,' said Lawrence himself in *Classical American Literature*. 'But thank God for it, we can see through the subterfuge if we choose.'

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Hardly, perhaps, a subterfuge. Rather, in the greatest and most momentous art—to which *The Escaped Cock* assuredly belongs—there works the mighty desire 'to submit the shows of things to the desire of the mind'; and this subjection of the shows of things to the deepest yearning of the human soul is the process by which the human soul itself becomes knit into the very texture of reality. Lawrence's dream becomes more than a dream; it becomes the subtlest anatomy, the indefeasible uniqueness of a once living and loving man. That his soul yearned for contradictory things—for the perfection of isolation in the spirit and the perfection of communion in the body; for a dual and simultaneous consummation which the nature of things seems to deny—this may be to some the evidence of his weakness, of that incurable romanticism which, we are assured, is the source of all our woes. I am on the side of the romantics. They may not be wise. They beat themselves to death against the bars of the cage of life. But it is they who feed the flame of human aspiration, and make live that impulse to surpass ourselves by which alone we are saved from lapsing back into forgotten life modes.

The Escaped Cock is the swan song of the greatest spirit of our time. It is the reassertion of his total self against the surrender to a part of it that is implicit in *Lady Chatterley's Lover;* a reassertion of Lawrence's love of the world against his hate of it. It is many things besides this, and all of them are significant. That it remains practically unprocurable is a thousand pities. For it has the simplicity of a great parable; able to move the hearts of those whose minds cannot comprehend it, able to make them feel why, since the death of Lawrence, 'the universe is cold for me and for many men.'

SUCCESS. *By Lion Feuchtwanger. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. New York: Viking Press. 2 vols. 1930. $5.00.*

(Arnold Zweig in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

IN THE MUNICH of 1920 Dr. Martin Krüger occupies the post of museum director and is disfiguring the state collection with modern pictures which the party in power and Dr. Flaucher, its minister for culture, violently dislike. This Dr. Krüger must be ousted, directly or indirectly, and the man who devises a plan of action is Dr. Otto Klenk, the minister of justice, whose name enters forthwith into world literature. In the lavatory of a Tyrolese wine parlor Dr. Klenk suggests to Dr. Flaucher that Krüger be accused of having had a love affair with a woman who painted one of the pictures they dislike. Krüger will deny the charge and can then be sent to prison on the ground of perjury. If Judge Hartl sits on the case it will be in good hands, for he looks at things very objectively. The press will of course send their reporters, but Krüger will be got out of the way and four years in prison won't hurt him. People will see what Munich thinks of these petted wretches with European reputations, and as for the Reich . . . Dr. Otto Klenk gives his deepest, most resounding laugh at the thought of the Reich. For it is Munich and 1920.

Lion Feuchtwanger depicts the trial of Martin Krüger, and with this as backbone he gives, as the subtitle promises, a 'three-year history of a

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province.' He pictures the jurymen who try Krüger, showing us their lives during those three years, and telling about their children and about the relations in which they become entangled. He presents the witnesses for the prosecution, who testify against Krüger, and the lower-middle-class families to which they belong. He presents the witnesses for the defense, among them Johanna Krein, a Bavarian maiden, upright in body and soul, who forms the central figure of the book. She is made of stern stuff and is complete in every respect, not only to the tips of her fingers but in her occupation, her friends, her relation to the imprisoned Krüger, her feeling for right, her passionate patriotism, her inexorable tenacity in her fight against injustice in Bavaria. Then there is the lawyer, Dr. Siegfried Geyer of Munich, and his illegitimate son, who becomes the leading spirit of the 'True Germans'—the party that in these years captures Bavaria, rules it overbearingly, and hopes to seize all of Germany, but is finally put in the shade, together with its orator, Rupert Kutzner, by Dr. Franz Flaucher, who has been elevated to the position of national commissioner.

Feuchtwanger also depicts the different national leaders—the secret, the legal, and the despotic ones. During all the steps that Johanna Krein, later Frau Johanna Krüger-Krein, takes in seeking the reversal of the unjust sentence, the thread of the story winds through that deep and widely stratified domain called politics. But politics is merely the front line of industry, and we are shown the economic figures of the day—the leaders in the Munich technical industries, in the foreign and amusement businesses, in the electric and machine industries. And, finally, there are the trade-union leaders and the Communist and 'True German' workers, all connected with the Martin Krüger case, all introduced, for a moment or more, into the structure of the book, crossing the stage, vanishing, appearing again.

Then foreign capital begins to demand entrance to Europe. The mark sinks, the dollar rises, and with it rise the 'True Germans.' Here is their general, a battered victor in the World War; here their orator, who talks steadily for four hours in court; here their followers, their mass meetings, their processions, shootings, murders. The law and police of Bavaria protect them, for the law is an instrument for the exercise of power and for the preservation of those values which the rulers of the land consider suited to the land and friendly to their own interests.

But against Otto Klenk, minister of justice, who is upholding these principles with all his violent and bloody strength, other Bavarian voices speak out. The next minister of justice, August von Messerschmidt, fights sorrowfully against the degradation of his native state and almost succeeds in having the Krüger case retried, but a secret tribunal of the 'True Germans' has Amalia Sandhuber, a servant girl, murdered as a 'traitress' and Messerschmidt, unable to carry through his plans with both the police and underworld against him, resigns his office. New appointments are decided on in the Gentlemen's Club, with Bavarian privy councilors, painters, scientists, and labor leaders present.

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Finally Johanna Krein conquers. In league with the West Swiss writer, Jacques Tüverlin, and supported by the California magnate, Mr. Potter, and the Communist engineer, Kaspar Prockl, a writer of modernistic ballads, she succeeds in a curious roundabout way in letting all the world know the injustice that Martin Krüger suffered. She, Johanna Krein, accomplishes this, and Otto Klenk declares himself beaten. But three years have gone by, Martin Krüger is long since dead, Otto Klenk has retired to his private estate, and Dr. Siegfried Geyer has become an empty, vacillating creature, consumed with grief at the death of his son. Destinies have drawn to a close, and the placid, poetic pen of Lion Feuchtwanger has revealed them all.

THIS novel is the most skillfully constructed narrative work in modern German literature; it is a masterpiece of creative composition. There is no doubt that the longing for completeness that we all have, that diabolic urge to put this in and not let that go unexplained, more than once kept Feuchtwanger from cutting off threads that led too far afield. If perhaps a dozen of the sixscore lives which shine through these pages had been left out the whole would have had greater compactness and weight. But in this abundance, what pregnancy, what precision, what clarity, what finish each portrait possesses! It is not possible even to sketch out a single figure here, but the basic idea of the novel—to show the limitations and frailties of human strivings for success—is manifest in all of them. The novel is in its own right an immense epic. It exposes to view the model of a German community that the author loves, with its inhabitants, its customs, its hateful or laughable limitations, its air, mountains, and lakes which the author considers understandingly and tenderly, despite his attitude of reserve.

The Bavaria of 1930 will not be very well pleased with this book, any more than Lübeck was when *Buddenbrooks*, by Thomas Mann, and *Professor Unrat*, by his brother Heinrich, appeared. But, if we concede the universal frailty of human nature and the righteous wrath of poets, who were born that they might, through the play of their imagination, improve that frail creature, man, and make him more civilized and more human, then Feuchtwanger, a man of courage, can console himself with the knowledge that he has virtually recreated an epoch in contemporary history and made Bavaria into a symbol of human society. Thus it is fitting that this book, for all its wide outlook on mass movements, never ignores the powerful influence of the individual at a time of crisis. Feuchtwanger has fulfilled the task set before him, which was indeed nothing more nor less than to depict the present time in a poetic form that combines a wide perspective and great immediacy.

Feuchtwanger presents his terse sentences lightly, but always with becoming seriousness. Not a single botched syllable mars these 950 pages, from which no reader who has once entered their clear, precise atmosphere can tear himself away. Here is the great novel of a German commonwealth, a chronicle of momentous years. The outstanding characters of

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the book do not represent historic figures, but the less important ones were certainly drawn to some extent from living models. Relying on a reality that withstands all tests, Lion Feuchtwanger builds up the lofty mass of his well proportioned novel, and he is an architect who pays as much attention to the foundations and framework as to the comic and ugly, sorrowful and tender masks with which he decorates his structure. Some chapters will distress the sensitive reader, yet they will leave him grateful that his heart has been touched. For Feuchtwanger fully understands that it is ultimately the writer who rises up and bears witness when all others keep silence.

In the nineteenth century, a period of painting and music, the novel became artistic and musical in its composition, coloring, and delineation. To-day architecture is the predominating form of expression, and the novel has entered into secret alliance with it. In this sense, but not in this sense only, Feuchtwanger's novel, *Success*, with its background of the formative passion and power of the masses, is just as effective an expression of present-day existence as any modern building. No one can pass it by without expressing an opinion, be it favorable or no. And what more can an artist wish?

MARCEL PROUST. *By Arnaud Dandieu. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1930.*

(Robert Aron in *Europe*, Paris)

ONE feels after reading this book that there are two very different and almost opposite ways of considering the work of Marcel Proust. The most common way, and the one that most critics of Proust up to now have adopted, is to look upon his masterpiece as a kind of *Comédie humaine*, that should be read and commented upon in relation to the exterior or psychological reality that it describes and analyzes. The only things that matter are how exact, how faithful, and how penetrating a work it is; we are not supposed to question the actual value of the exterior or psychological world it reflects nor inquire into its affective genesis. These are metaphysical problems that extend beyond the bounds of literature. Literature itself, or at any rate a certain form of literature, has nothing to do with the profound moral value of the objects it describes; the exterior world and the work of art appear like two objective entities, and it is unseemly to feel that they should arouse any lyrical or metaphysical anxiety. The task of the writer should simply be to establish simple, logical, and, if possible, rational relationships between these two entities. Furthermore, the task of criticism is to verify the relationships established by the writer and to take his mechanism apart. Thus the critic is delighted if he is confronted by an extended, diverse piece of work, and, if he calls any masterpiece a *Comédie humaine*, it is one of the finest eulogies he can offer; every work of art is considered by him as the sum total of the manners and customs of an epoch. Certain critics have tried to judge Marcel Proust's value by these superficial, vain standards and have looked upon him simply as a renovator of the psychological novel.

Of Arnaud Dandieu, whose point of view is diametrically opposed to the point of view of these rationalist

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critics, it can be said that Marcel Proust's work appears to him also as a sum total, but not a social or practical one, rather a sentimental sum total from which none of the questions that now torment the human conscience has been omitted, and that in his hands the *Comédie humaine*, with all that these words imply in regard to exteriors and conventionalities, becomes an almost metaphysical drama.

Drawing upon the fruitful distinction established by Dr. Minkowski between individuals who keep in constant, unbroken contact with the outer world and those whose contacts are imperfect, either through absent-mindedness or neurosis, Arnaud Dandieu discovers in Proust the fundamental symptoms of the latter type, and in this way proves that the question of the exterior world was not a solved question for Marcel Proust, as it may have been for Balzac, but a question to be solved. The real drama of *À la Recherche du temps perdu* is not the story that is told, but, according to Dandieu, 'the search for reality which began with childhood memories, with mysterious first impressions when life unexpectedly seemed to reveal its secret. To remember things past is above all to recall those unforgettable sensations and to define their direction. Friendship, love, sorrow—none of these emotions possesses value except in so far as it bears on this search for the past, with which the genesis of the work of art itself is merged.'

This quotation shows to what an extent Arnaud Dandieu believes that Marcel Proust used the most recent methods of psychical research. In descending to the psychological roots of art and restoring to it its magical value and hallowed character, Marcel Proust obeyed the same preoccupations that are agitating everyone who is now engaged in trying to rid individual psychology of logical classifications and rational categories. By constantly comparing Proust's work with the discoveries of psychoanalysis, Arnaud Dandieu reveals its real significance in full.

Growing dissatisfied with rational objectivity, whose rigor seemed more and more inhuman and unreal to him, Marcel Proust tried to substitute for it a more concrete attitude in which individual sensibility would have a rôle to play. 'The feeling of contact with life,' writes Arnaud Dandieu again, 'does not proceed from a rational theological affirmation but from a particular affective state, from evidence stronger than past experiences, from evidence that includes past experiences and explains them because it extends further. There is no better way of describing what Proust calls "*le temps retrouvé.*"'

There is also no better way to reveal the subversive, one might even say the revolutionary, character of Marcel Proust's work. At a time when rational categories are passing more and more into daily life and current thought, it is, as Arnaud Dandieu shows, a salutary work to recognize even in a limited field the predominance of the affective. Unquestionably, this is the secret of the special interest attaching to Arnaud Dandieu's interpretation of Proust. Cooped up in the narrow limits of his suffering conscience, Marcel Proust could not envisage either the echoes or the prolongations of his interior victories. Yet his work is complex

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and even contradictory enough for anyone to be able to find whatever he is looking for in it. Some people will see a picture of social life and an analysis of a highly refined circle. But to Dandieu, and to all who believe in the necessity of doing away with our rational pigeonholes, Marcel Proust appears as a lyrical prophet of inevitable conflict.

ST. LOE STRACHEY. *By Amy Strachey. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 1930. 16s.*

(*Sunday Times*, London)

ST. LOE STRACHEY drew his own portrait in *The Adventure of Living*, and a wonderful picture he made. Now we have another portrait by a very different artist, which deserves to stand beside it. Mrs. Strachey has written of 'our life together from the moment of our first meeting in a London ballroom to the eve of our separation forty-one years later.' Inevitably, this biography is also an autobiography. Mrs. Strachey writes a great deal of herself. But without this autobiographical element the capacity for perfect companionship which was an essential part of St. Loe Strachey's ebullient self could not have been depicted.

The second time that Miss Amy Simpson set eyes upon her future husband, 'this strange young man with his wonderful vibrating voice and piercing eyes began to pour out such riches of mind and temperament that I sat spellbound.'

It was by these displays of 'riches' that St. Loe Strachey was to fix the breathless attention of his readers, fill his friends with admiration and his enemies with envy, until the day of his death. He himself has shown in his own book how, by this wealth of ideas, he delighted and dominated the former editors of the *Spectator*, took over the ship, and made it an argosy of splendid notions, theories, prophecies, experiments, and judgments, all in bales discreetly labeled 'Whig Produce.'

These he set forth week by week before all and sundry, advertising them privately as occasion served to the men that mattered. With infallible instinct he knew who those men were, and how to appeal to them. Mrs. Strachey draws our attention again and again to the 'distinguished' company who filled their house even before it was large enough to hold more than a very few at a time.

Wealth comes where wealth is even in the things of the spirit. St. Loe traded with his many talents. He gave and he got. President Roosevelt, Lord Cromer, Lord Curzon, to mention but three at the top of the list, gave him of their best and most confidential information, counsel, and political meditations.

Nothing in this wholly interesting book is more worth reading than the letters St. Loe Strachey received from men in power. Much that they said to him is of real historic value, and some of it is still of topical interest. Lord Cromer's comparison of the administrations of Egypt and India, the 'great vice consul' taking a lesson, as he tells us, in what to avoid, may be read with special profit to-day. Lord Curzon's warning as to the danger of a discontented Indian Army has lost nothing of its significance.

The long and deep friendship of the editor of the *Spectator* with the President of the United States did not be-

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gin in 'love at first sight,' but in love before sight. A letter written by Roosevelt in 1901 is here quoted, in which he says, 'Though I have never met you, you are one of the men to whom I am willing to write with most absolute confidence.' Mrs. Strachey's spirited description of how this friendship was cemented in the White House when she and her husband stayed in Washington forms a delightful bit of 'social relief.'

Like most men to whom friendship means a great deal, St. Loe Strachey was not without enemies. Witness a quarrel with Mr. Lloyd George, in which the editor got himself called 'a pretentious, pompous, and futile person.' No doubt 'Ed., Spec.' gave as good as he received. His gift of words, his almost involuntary power of concentration,—he could not drop a subject,—the natural, moral, and didactic bias of his mind made him a formidable, and perhaps not quite always a fair opponent; his enjoyment of fighting was too intense. Nevertheless, there was no bitterness in him—it was simply that he never knew when to let go. There was always, from first to last, a danger that he might ride any cause to death. But one has to remember that in the last years of his life he was always risking his own death in any cause that he took up.

For long he lived contentedly in what he called 'the condemned cell.' When in genial jest Owen Seaman called him 'the saintly, unlimited Loe' there was quite a flavor of truth in the gentle satire.

Of the passionate patriotism which her husband displayed in the War, though toward the end he was a very sick man, Mrs. Strachey writes in detail. Space forbids us to do more than allude to it. We cannot have done with the book, however, without warning its readers not to miss the Preface. The sum of Strachey's successes does not show us the whole man. 'St. Loe himself was so much more than all that.' In the bulk of the book his wife writes with such emotional reserve that a new generation who never knew him might not see this 'so much more.' Her gracious Foreword, however, carries conviction.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Cheaper Books for Britons

THE BRITISH book trade, faced by the discouraging fact that the average Englishman will beg, borrow, or steal a book in preference to buying one, has decided to fling its pride to the winds and follow frankly in American footsteps. Publishers are even adopting the vocabulary of their transatlantic cousins and are talking openly of breaking down 'sales resistance.' A National Book Council has been instituted to popularize book-buying by using approved American methods, and a more direct assault on the public pocketbook has been attempted with the creation of the Book Society, modeled on the Book-of-the-Month Club, which doles out a monthly ration of books to its members. This latter scheme has its drawbacks, however, since it benefits only certain authors and publishers and has a tendency to deflect the public from bookstores.

The trade is agreed that more radical measures are necessary, and the direction to be taken has been indicated by the recent American expedient of selling new novels at $1. In order to do this profitably, publishers will have to sell two to three times as many copies as at the old price of $2 or $2.50, and it is an open question whether the public will respond sufficiently to the lowered price to make the move successful. Far be it from British publishers, however, to stand back and await the outcome of their American confrères' experiments, and the distinguished firm of Victor Gollancz has now taken the lead by forming a subsidiary company called Mundanus, Ltd., which will publish new, full-length, paper-covered novels at 3 shillings. What other British publishers will think of this remains to be seen, but the literary world has already expressed its enthusiasm at a scheme which promises to promote the reading of good books. The *Week-end Review* even reminds the man in the street that he will now be able to buy four new novels for less than the price of a bottle of whiskey or a theatre stall.

The *Observer* rushed right off to interview Mr. Gollancz, who was only too glad to explain his new move.

'For the last six or seven years,' he said, 'the 7*s*. 6*d*. novel has infuriated me for many reasons. Take the sheer question of waste to begin with. The paper normally employed for a 7*s*. 6*d*. novel costs twice as much as a thinner paper, with which I have no doubt at all the novel-reading public will be quite as pleased—better pleased because it is lighter. . . . I believe that ninety-nine novel buyers out of a hundred would much prefer the neat, thin, paper-covered book, light to hold and easy to slip in the pocket, to the cumbersome, pompous 7*s*. 6*d*. affair.'

When asked why, if that were the case, novels should ever have sold at such a price, Mr. Gollancz replied:—

'We are in a vicious circle. The price of a novel has in general to be based on the anticipated budget, not of the best-seller, nor even of the decent seller, but of the vast mass of novels that are poured out year by year. Now the calculation is—and it is a perfectly correct one—that hardly anybody will buy such novels; but that the circulating libraries will take just enough copies to avoid any serious loss on the part of the publisher, if the price is fixed at 7*s*. 6*d*. less the necessary discount. The price having been so fixed, money has to be thrown away right and left in order to make the book 'look worth' 7*s*. 6*d*. In a word, at the root of the 7*s*. 6*d*. price is the conviction that except in rare cases nobody wants to buy novels at all.'

Mr. Gollancz, however, is not so pessimistic, for he estimates that tens of thou-

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sands of people who were unwilling to buy books at the old prices will invest in his 3*s*. novels. They will be more inclined to do so if they are certain of getting a high-quality product, and for that reason Mundanus, Ltd., will try to publish nothing that is not of high literary quality. At first the books will probably appear at the rate of one a month, and for his first selection Mr. Gollancz has chosen *The Lion Took Fright*, by Louis Marlow, which he describes as a 'profound and witty book of high intellectual and literary distinction.' This will be followed a month later by John Heygate's *Decent Fellows*, a novel of post-war life at Eton, while the third book will be *Gunman*, by Charles Francis Coe, a story—yes, you have guessed it—of gangster life in Chicago.

German Music in Decay

THE CURRENT depression from which Germany is suffering even more than most of us has not confined itself to that country's business life; it has afflicted its music as well. Richard Tauber, whose beautiful tenor voice has made him the greatest box-office attraction in Berlin, has not only deserted grand opera for the inferior field of operetta; he is even cheapening himself in that sphere. Next spring he has contracted to come to London at $1,250 a week, the largest salary ever obtained by a German artist on the English stage, and perform in one of Lehár's less distinguished works, *The Land of Smiles*. He will sing in his native tongue but he will speak the dialogue in English. Musical Berliners of the old school consider it nothing short of a scandal that such a man can dictate his own terms and be allowed to waste his talents on third-rate work.

The sound films have also contributed to the decline of German music, though here it is the composer as well as the performer who suffers. Dr. Guido Bagier, one of the leading men in the sound-film industry, complains that the men who write music for these productions do not have enough time to do their best work. Already Berlin's first operatic talkie, an adaptation of the *Beggars' Opera*, has been held up on this account and Dr. Bagier asserts that the composer of original music must have even more time if his inspiration is to work freely. Then, too, the younger generation is encountering difficulties in the domain of the radio. Not so many orchestras are being formed and the music that is written for radio or talkie reproduction must avoid certain sound effects. Thus the first-rate man suffers from artificial handicaps and the second-class performer—to say nothing of the young performer who wants to work his way up in the world—gets no opportunity at all.

The tremendous decline in the output of pianos illustrates the extent of Germany's musical decay. Before the War, Germany made every year 140,000 pianos, of which number more than a third were exported. Early in 1930 the seven manufacturers who control the market were forced to merge and planned to make 18,000 instruments. Their estimate, however, proved vastly excessive and they are having difficulty in disposing of the eight thousand pianos that they actually made. They now assert that they will reorganize their factory and make 'something the public wants.' Until they can find some product as remunerative as the piano used to be in the old days, it looks as if they were not likely to regard standardized production as an unalloyed benefit.

Last Words of Great Men

SOMEBODY who has chosen the pseudonym of 'Bega' has brought out in England a little book entitled *Last Words of Famous Men*. The title indicates clearly enough the nature of the contents, but little is known as to how they were collected. When authentic dying utterances could not be found the author admits to having chosen an extract from

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some last, or nearly last, letter or conversation. Lincoln, for instance, is represented by the words, 'With malice to no one'—a misquotation that seems to have escaped the eye of Mr. J. C. Squire, who devoted a long review to the volume. Disraeli is also made to talk shop: 'But, my Lords, the key of India is not Herat nor Kandahar; the key of India is London.' The younger Pitt is said to have exclaimed: 'My country, how I love my country'; and Demosthenes, committing suicide, is reported by Plutarch to have indulged in this unnatural excursion: 'For my part, O gracious Neptune, I quit thy temple with thy breath within me; but Antipater and the Macedonians would not have scrupled to profane it with murder.' Napoleon is said to have cried: '*Tête d'armée.*' Canning is said to have murmured: 'Spain and Portugal.' Charles James Fox died with his wife's name, 'Liz,' on his lips.

Here are some more representative outbursts:—

O Lord God, help me yet this once; let me not be disgraced in my old days. Or, if thou wilt not help me, don't help those scoundrels, but leave us to try it out ourselves.—*Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau before his last battle.*

What dost thou fear? Strike, man!—*Raleigh.*

I have unsettled no man's faith, I have corrupted no man's principles.—*Scott.*

But what the devil harm do you think it could do me?—*Diderot, to his wife, who remonstrated with him for eating an apricot.*

Go down stairs, take a glass of sherry, and then look at me again.—*Turner.*

Don't be frightened—be firm and thank God it has come.—*Keats.*

Do not mistake me either in my taste for building or in my love of war.—*Louis XIV.*

Whoever has been alone all his life must understand this solitary business better than others.—*Schopenhauer.*

Mind what I say, I am going to die. When I am dead, but not till then, go to Lord George Cavendish and tell him of the event. Go!—*Henry Cavendish.*

The last struggle must be heavy; but for all that, it is highly interesting.—*Retrius.*

Also are other men mortal.—*Leibnitz.*

The extracts of which the book is composed are grouped under various headings —'Religion,' 'Action,' 'Thought,' 'Art,' and so forth. The compiler has also taken the opportunity to include an introduction of his own to each of those sections.

Corruption in France

THOUGH vulgarity has now spread to the ends of the earth, even the most hardened American will be affected to learn that the French language, that ultimate stronghold of respectability, is falling into corruption. An outraged patriot and scholar, André Moufflet, devotes a weighty article in the *Revue de Genève* to what he calls *la crise du français* and in it he makes the flesh of his readers creep by quoting some of the colloquialisms that have lately tortured his ears. He finds, for instance, that many Frenchmen have formed the habit of interjecting the words, *quand même*, just as the British keep repeating, 'I say.'

What has been happening to the interrogative is—as M. Moufflet would not say—nobody's business. Not long ago a friend of his ruined his whole day by inquiring, 'Elle est à la pension quoi, votre fille?' which led the purist parent to reflect that in twenty years the man who asks simply, 'A quelle station arrivons-nous?' will be as out of date as the man who speaks in Alexandrine couplets is to-day.

Some of these corruptions of course save time—others, however, merely waste it and serve only to conceal an absence of ideas.

The words meaning 'to talk' are undergoing strange transformations. *Causer* has succeeded *parler*, which, in turn, is superseding *dire*. The word *dont* is also vanishing and is being replaced by *que*, as in the

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sentence, 'La femme que je connais la mère.'

But all these horrors are confined to conversation and even M. Moufflet would be less agitated were it not for the fact that writers are catching the infection. Jean Giraudoux is discovered to have used the expression *en vouloir de* instead of *en vouloir à* in his tremendously successful play of last year, *Amphitryon 38*. And even Paul Valéry of the French Academy got his relative pronouns confused when he spoke in *Eupalinos* of 'l'insecte dont l'innombrable vibration de ses ailes' instead of 'l'insecte des ailes duquel l'innombrable vibration.'

But enough of these grisly matters; though M. Moufflet refuses to spare the sensibilities of the readers of the *Revue de Genève* and continues his list for pages on end, we have a more sensitive public to consider. We shall therefore confine ourselves to reporting that Charles Maurras, Henri de Régnier, and Pierre Dominique have all been found to possess at least one Homeric attribute. All of them nod.

Mr. Maxse and the War

IT IS NOW CLEAR that some of the best minds of our day have been wasting valuable time attempting to explain and justify the World War whereas, if they had only remembered to consult Mr. Leo J. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*, they might have devoted their energies to more worthy ends. The late Sir Arthur Nicolson, head of the British Foreign Office from 1910 to 1916, is shown to have been sadly misinformed when he wrote an article in 1917 suggesting that Germany had not been wholly to blame for the conflict, and Professor G. P. Gooch, who is editing the British documents relative to the outbreak of the War, is clearly engaged on a futile task. For Mr. Maxse has spoken and his sublime assurance which, on occasion, even outruns his knowledge, leaves no room for doubt. The gadfly that stung him into action is commonly known as Miss Clemence Dane, a successful novelist and playwright, who rashly dared to consider, in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, the following double-barreled question: 'Why did the War happen—and what was the good of it?'

'That,' as Mr. Maxse well points out, 'is an easy question to answer. Germans began to fight in order to take everything Miss Dane cares for from her, and Englishmen went fighting precisely in order that she should be so ignorant about war as to be able to ask such a question. They went in order that she should not have the dimmest idea of what war means, and they have, quite evidently, been perfectly successful. Miss Clemence Dane—thousands of her—knows so little of invasion that she can think and write the most unutterable bosh in perfect complacency, as, for instance, the following passage from this same article:—

'". . . it was indecent to rip each other's bodies and souls to pieces for the sake of any gain whatever. No religion, no patriotism, no ambition could justify such indecency; no, not even freedom, for force your idea of freedom upon your neighbor, and you become a tyrant."

'The meaning of the last part of the sentence is not easy to come by, for the Englishmen who went fighting to preserve Miss Clemence Dane from the consequence of invasion by the German army did not fight to force freedom on anybody, except perhaps on Miss Dane, and she has it so completely that she is misunderstanding her protectors with all the innocence of the children who helped to burn John Huss. Had she been a Belgian or French girl on the route of the invading armies, she and her likes would have become wiser, but at what cost! It is evidently time that the story of the outbreak of war and of the atrocities committed in the invaded provinces of France and Belgium should be retold, since the lessons learned fifteen years ago are being so rapidly forgotten.'

Readers of *All Our Yesterdays*, *Good-Bye to All That*, and *Memoirs of an Infantry*

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Officer—to mention only books by British authors—will heartily indorse Mr. Maxse's plea for understanding.

Japan's Matrimonial Fixer

HE REJOICES in the name of Eizahuro Ujiiye and during the eighty-four years of his life he has arranged 804 marriages between finicky Japanese couples. His first exploit occurred when he was twenty-five years old and the marriage proved so successful that he arranged another and then another. It should at once be pointed out that this is no easy task in Japan, where the emotions must always be kept subordinate to the conventions. Mr. Ujiiye has therefore specialized in handling difficult parents and in one stubborn case he had to make thirteen visits to a single household before all the details could be arranged. Such exploits as this one—and the happiness that invariably follows—have earned him the slogan of 'Ask the Man Who Owns a Ujiiye Wife.'

Only once did his efforts culminate in tragedy and on that occasion the fault did not lie with him. A rich man of sixty who said he 'never felt better in his life' asked Mr. Ujiiye to prevail upon a pretty little waitress of nineteen to marry him. The matrimonial fixer accepted the job and described to the young girl the golden delights of the luxurious widowhood that she would soon enjoy. She finally consented and Mr. Ujiiye heaved a sigh of relief. But his satisfaction turned out to be premature. Very shortly after the marriage the young bride drowned herself in the local river, after having extracted from her husband enough money to pay the debts of a destitute youth with whom she had really been in love the whole time.

By and large, however, Mr. Ujiiye's influence has been anti-suicidal. He estimates that he has prevented at least one hundred lovelorn young people from taking their own lives by winning their parents over to approve of his marriage arrangements and he claims also to have blocked eighty double suicides of couples who turned to him as a last resort to win over recalcitrant families. Mr. Ujiiye is himself a married man and, like the true artist that he is, accepts no money for his services. Few professional matrimonial agencies can boast of a more contented clientele than this gifted amateur.

Mickey Mouse—Censored

TO THE ADDICTS of movies and talkies the character of Mickey Mouse is almost as familiar as Douglas Fairbanks or Charlie Chaplin. He is a lively little animal whose adventures in the form of animated cartoons have ravished most of the civilized and uncivilized world. He could hardly be described as a subversive character, yet one of his recent exploits has offended the censors of Germany fully as much as the teachings of Voltaire have outraged Boston's Watch and Ward Society. The trouble, as the *Berliner Tageblatt* expresses it, is that 'Mickey ventured into the trenches, in a war between cats and mice.' The censor, however, was more specific and asserted that 'the designer of the film obviously intended to present a comic picture of a battle during the Great War in which the victorious mice wore the French *képis* while their opponents, the cats, with steel helmets on their heads, were clearly recognizable as the German Army.'

The *Tageblatt* then goes on to make this good-natured comment: 'The censorship bureau believed that Mickey's appearance in the trenches would tend to reawaken and stimulate the hostility to Germany that has grown up abroad since the War. It also believed that the film would outrage the patriotism of possible German audiences and that its effect on them could not fail to be depressing. Therefore, Mickey, lay down your arms and frequent no longer the society of soldiers. Remain true to your saxophone—war is a dangerous thing, especially if you have to wage it against Mr. Censor.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

England Mourns for Hoover

TWO OF THE leading British newspapers, the London *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, have printed long dispatches from their American correspondents describing the painful position now occupied by Herbert Hoover. The *Times* dwells chiefly on the President's personal sorrows and shortcomings:—

One can imagine Mr. Coolidge looking upon the belabored figure of his successor and murmuring, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I!' And yet it is unlikely that popular disapproval would have fallen upon him so swiftly, or so heavily. Of Mr. Coolidge men expected little, of Mr. Hoover they had been told to expect everything. Mr. Coolidge was, is, and always will be a professional politician; it was said of Mr. Hoover, as though it threw fresh lustre upon him, that he knew nothing of politics. At last there had arisen a man who could and would demand of science the contributions it might make to the complex task of government. There would be an end of ineptness, of muddle, of the conciliation of special interests by stupid and self-seeking politicians. The time cried out for the 'engineering mind'—and so on, *und so weiter*. Alas! those who travel about the country to-day report that the various 'commissions' by whose appointment Mr. Hoover has sought to modernize and make more 'scientific' the business of legislation and administration are spoken of with a sneer. The very men who believed in the regenerating mission of the engineer-President are alarmed at this turn of public opinion, which they explain by saying that the social sciences have found in him an unfaithful and a weak ally.

It would be surprising if Mr. Hoover were not playing politics, and still more surprising if he were playing them well. The American system sends a man to the White House for four years, with permission to seek a second term. The American habit is to consider that man discredited who fails to secure renomination and re-election. Why wonder, then, if a president should spend his first term in watering the soil which is to throw up the harvest he desires? Of course Mr. Hoover is thinking of 1932, and has been thinking of that crucial year ever since he was inaugurated. He has played politics as best he can, and it is his cruel fate to have played in a period of depression and at a time when the old rules have lost their value as a guide to success.

It is a fair assumption that Mr. Hoover had forgotten, or had not realized, that the forces of party have only intermittent reality in the United States of to-day. There was a time when the great parties, Republican and Democratic, did offer the electorate a choice between opposing political philosophies, but that day is over. Their essential differences have disappeared, and they exist to-day chiefly, if not altogether, as an extraconstitutional machinery for the nomination and election of a president. For this purpose the old party cries are raised, and when this purpose has been served the forces of party give way to others for four years. The average American of these times is no more interested in the dogma of party than he is in the Targum of Onkelos. The forces by which he is moved are neither Republican nor Democratic, or they are both. They are the forces of economic sectionalism, as these are manifest when the tariff is under discussion; of race, as in the struggle of the negro against white domination; and of religion, as when Catholic, Protestant, and Jew are re-

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minded of their beliefs. Add to these the age-old struggle between freedom and authority, which is at the heart of the prohibition question, and the real or imagined conflict of interest between banker and farmer and between employer and employed, and the tale is told.

There must be new rules for the game, therefore, for use at all times save the year of a presidential election. Men like Senator Borah, of Idaho, are beginning to invent them. In 1928 Mr. Borah fought sturdily for the election of Mr. Hoover and the victory of the Republican Party, and in 1932 he will fight as fiercely again—for Mr. Hoover or another Republican. But in the interval the astute senator from Idaho is neither to hold nor to bind. He has been a thorn in the President's side, the proponent of objectionable doctrines, the ally of Democrats. He has been all these things, and so have other senators and members of the House of Representatives shrewd enough to serve forces which are not those of party, until election day comes round. 'The word "poltic,"' said Count Smorltork to Mr. Pickwick, 'surprises by himself.' Mr. Hoover's surprise is but little this side of stupefaction.

The *Manchester Guardian* recalls the stream of cheerful statements that has kept flowing out of the White House since the stock market crashed a year ago and concludes that the President's mistaken optimism is due to his failure to understand a fundamental change that has occurred:—

The prophets had failed; but that is nothing new or significant. What is important is that apparently the theory of maintaining prosperity by bolstering up purchasing power no longer holds the water it did. There can be no doubt that employers, in the early stages of the depression, did make an attempt to keep up wage rates. Of what avail is this, however, if, at the same time, they are dismissing half their workers? At the moment it appears that even rates are breaking down, and industry is making the sort of readjustment which has taken place in every other industrial country in every serious depression since 1850.

Meanwhile, what of the export trade, which was to act as a stabilizing influence? A country which forces up its cost of living by protection naturally weakens its power for export, but it is often argued that the efficiency of American industry, with its intensive use of machinery and mass-production methods, is great enough to overcome this drawback. Wages, the argument runs, may be high, but the productivity of labor is so great that labor costs are low. Now, there is a good deal of evidence which suggests that labor costs in manufacturing industry are not falling so rapidly as is commonly assumed, that the production of each wage-earner is not increasing so fast as the wages paid him. And, if labor costs fail to decrease, how can the United States compete with other countries where labor costs are being forced down, either through wage reductions or through increased output per wage-earner? The answer appears to be that it cannot, for a recent analysis has shown that, between 1899 and 1927, the United States was exporting a continually declining proportion of its manufactured goods. American manufacturing industry is becoming less, and not more, dependent upon exports.

The present depression in the United States will sweep away a great deal of industrial wreckage, and with it will pass the belief that at last a method has been discovered of controlling economic society in a way which will avoid unemployment and maladjustment. The outstanding lesson of the depression is that, even with the best will in the world, no capitalistic society can prevent the maladjustment of labor becoming an urgent question when the direction or the volume of demand changes. Labor immobility we shall al-

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ways have with us. The only thing that an enlightened society can do is to establish the means by which the distribution of national income can be modified in a way which will minimize the personal suffering of unemployment. British people, who have patiently watched their unemployment-insurance scheme—the greatest scheme in the world for bringing about this income redistribution—being loftily condemned, in the last seven years, by prosperous foreign countries, must derive a grim satisfaction from the latest developments in the United States.

Mexico Looks at Brisbane

JOSÉ VASCONCELOS, who was defeated a year ago by Ortiz Rubio for the presidency of Mexico, has criticized the newspaper syndicate features from the United States that appear in the press of his native country. Writing in the *Repertorio Americano* published in San José, Costa Rica, he speaks as follows:—

While Mexican authors live in exile and write for foreign dailies, our native press is purchasing whole pages from Yankee syndicates, pages of stupid, coarse, hammered prose, illustrated with barbarous drawings: the features sold by Hearst. The Yankee, of course, does nothing without some end in view. Just as he exports his merchandise with an eye to driving his competitors out of foreign countries, so also he distributes abroad the worst of his literary efforts at a low price in order to expel native production. Thus we see that the North American syndicates do not send us Mencken but give us instead a daily dose of Brisbane, who has made two or three million dollars by repeating every day, through the Hearst circuit, that the sun of California is better than any other, that American civilization is the peak and the final attainment of human progress, and by preaching 'America First,' and proclaiming that everything American is the greatest in the world. A champion of the anti-Japanese, anti-Chinese, anti-English campaigns, in fact of any campaign which favors the absolute, imperious supremacy of the North American Anglo-Saxon over the other races or subraces of the earth, he naturally seems, to the ignorant masses of his country, a kind of prophet of the dollar.

Brisbane regards Mexico with the paternal solicitude with which an empire views a colony. Recently he stated that Mexico needed to follow the example of Peter the Great, who disinterred the bodies of the government's enemies to burn them along with the newest rebels. He advocates an implacable policy for Mexico in the name of public order. Meanwhile, however, he probably makes more money from the Mexican press than any native writer, for when the press is closely allied to the interests of imperialist capitalism the nation is robbed of the fruits of its own talent.

Although Señor Vasconcelos suffered a considerable political defeat, he enjoys great popularity among the younger intellectuals of all Latin America—the very element that has lately engineered so many successful revolutions.

America's Mythical Prosperity

MARK STARR, a British Laborite of the left-wing group, has written an article for the *New Leader* in which he asserts that American prosperity has broken down and that a burst of Socialist activity may be looked for:—

Mr. Hoover, faced with the plight of the farmers with unsold grain, has forgotten again about his 'rugged individualism.' Here is another section of the U. S. A. to which 'prosperity' would come

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as news, just as it would to the operatives in the southern textile mills, where resentment against vile conditions still flickers.

This, then, is the position in a land which has been endowed by nature with an almost self-sufficing supply of vegetable and mineral wealth; a land in which no toll had to be paid to feudal interests; a land in which the mergers and the machines carried productivity to unprecedented heights. Here in a continental area the Federal Reserve Banking System operated, and the great banks excelled in size their longer established British rivals. If capitalism cannot satisfy the worker in such a country as this, where can it function properly? If a high and continually improving standard of life is not obtainable with such advantages, where can the worker look? The reply that he must look to a change in the running of the social system is being made by the revival of Socialist activity in the U. S. A.

But American capitalism will not meet this revival lying down and Mr. Starr concludes by urging British workers to continue organizing lest they find themselves faced with a system as powerful as that entrenched in America to-day:—

Elsewhere I have tried to prove that prosperity, like Prohibition, is not universally applied in the U. S. A. Recent events have shown that capitalism in that country has not found a new way out, and that within the next five years there will be adopted schemes of unemployment insurance and other like matters scorned up till now. Socialists and the near-Socialist liberals will be forced to take action against the power trusts. The unions will find the injunction mesh pulled on them tighter. The unemployed will not suffer in silence.

Meanwhile it little suits British labor to think it can merely sit and sympathize while the Americans catch up. Capitalism in the U. S. A. is not Victorian, but a foreshadowing of what is coming to Europe within the next twenty-five years—of what has encroached considerably already. We should defensively examine the technique of 'company unions,' the extensive welfare work, the exclusion of the unions from the newer industries, the danger of keeping unionism by the consent and cooperation of the employers, the mistaken community of interest which leads workers sectionally into a huddle with their own particular employers to get high tariffs a little higher and remain blind to every larger issue. There are no side lines in the struggle for Socialism.

'Legs'

THE VICISSITUDES of Jack ('Legs') Diamond have been receiving almost as much attention in the respectable British papers as they get in the tabloids over here. The *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, which devotes long leading editorials to such topics as 'The Significance of Adolf Hitler,' 'The Virgil Bimillennium,' and 'Tariffs or Free Trade?' has now turned its attention to 'Gangsters.' After rehearsing the sordid details of Mr. Diamond's career, it comes to these disturbing conclusions:—

Probably the ultimate causes of such a state of affairs lie deep in the American social system. We are told that most of these gangsters are of Latin origin; that they are recruited largely from precocious youths, fed on poor cinema fare, who knock about the streets of the great cities —drug addicts, idlers, who are attracted by the crude sensationalism of killing and cheating. We are told that the Volstead Act is responsible for much because it has made available an extremely lucrative business for the unscrupulous. All this may be partly true. Yet the fact remains that American civilization, wealthy as it is, astonishingly virile as it is, cannot

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succeed in producing an adequate system of law; that its only means of getting rid of criminals of a particularly disagreeable type is by allowing them to destroy one another. The fate of a Jack Diamond is without significance in itself. The social attitude toward him is significant of much. There have always been creatures who fed on man's iniquity, but they have hitherto been regarded with a certain contempt. Elizabethan drama was tolerant enough in all conscience, but it could not tolerate the pimp. Now, it seems, we seek his autograph.

You would not, offhand, expect to find in any civilized country the sort of conditions that now prevail in China. And yet this gangster business, if you examine it closely, is not so unlike China, though on a smaller scale. All the machinery of law exists in America, but the thing does not work properly. It does not work properly because the public conscience does not function as it should. Though the gangsters are an inconsiderable proportion of the whole population of America, they carry on their activities unchecked, and the only reason there can be for that is that at bottom the public does not mind them, does not feel that what they do is wrong. You cannot blame the police in such a case; the police are merely the instrument whereby the public sense of what is right and wrong expresses itself. If the public has no clear sense of what is right and wrong, then the police are powerless. Nor, most unfortunately, is this state of affairs peculiar to America. There is a general tendency everywhere to tolerate violence, and this inevitably leads to some form of tyranny. Civilization is based on the annihilation of violence. It sets up certain ideals which transcend violence, and out of these arise law and government. Their final sanction is religion or belief, and without such sanction the machinery whereby they work is as useless as a motor-car without petrol. We are inclined to forget this—to imagine that so long as we have wealth and law courts and colleges and libraries we are civilized. Chicago has probably more of such symbols of civilization than any other city in the world, but its gangsters multiply nevertheless. And, after all, the most important thing of all is to be civilized. There is no point in existing as a people just to produce and consume even in the most efficient manner conceivable. We have got to realize some ideal socially or we are just savages decked out in the fine things of our own invention. The economic problem is properly the least of all our problems. Our essential difficulty is that the principles on which our elaborate social organization was built up have collapsed. They were faulty. They need renewing. Even then they will not be right. But they will be righter.

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COMING EVENTS

Argentine

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 17, Mardi Gras.

Austria

VIENNA. December, Autumn Exhibition; *12*, Workmen's Symphony Concert; *February*, Art Exhibition at 'Künstlerhaus'; *March 8–15*, Vienna Fair.

Bulgaria

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 30, King's Birthday.

Brazil

RIO DE JANEIRO. January 20, Celebration of Foundation of Rio de Janeiro.

Canada

BANFF. February 7–15, Winter Carnival.
VANCOUVER. December 10–13, Winter Fair.
VICTORIA. December 24, Yuletide Music Festival.

England

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 26, Straw Day; *February 17*, Mardi Gras.
PARIS. Lectures at the Salle Gaveau: *January 14*, Maurice Rostand, '*Pourquoi j'aime le théâtre en vers*'; *15*, Edouard Herriot, 'Heinrich Heine'; *19*, Yvette Guilbert, '*L'Épopée et la légende*'; *20*, Claude Farrère, 'Stamboul'; *22*, Edouard Herriot, 'Schiller'; *29*, Jean Mistler, '*Chez les Tziganes*'; *February 5*, Comtesse de Noailles, '*Amants de la musique*'; *13*, Marcel Prévost, '*Le Jeune homme moderne*'; *19*, Bernard de Sariac and the Don Cossacks, '*L'Âme slave*.'

Germany

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Der Grosse Pferdetag.
BERLIN. January 30–February 8, Green Week; International Riding and Driving Tournament; *February 28–March 1*, Fancy Ice-Skating World Championship Contest for Singles and Doubles; *Late February*, International Automobile and Motorcycle Exposition.
FÜSSEN. Early January, International Ice-Skating Tournament for the Leinweber Trophy; *Late January*, German Ice-Hockey Championship Matches.
KÖLN. February 15–17, Mardi Gras; *16*, Rose-Monday Procession.
LEIPZIG. January, February, March, Gewandhaus Concerts; *January 3–16*, Furs and Leather Fair; *March 1–7*, Spring Fair; Sample Fair; *March 1–11*, Great Technical and Building Fair.
MAINZ. February 15–17, Rhenish Carnival.
MÜNSTER. January 10–11, Riding and Driving Tournament.
STETTIN. January 15–31, Annual

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Meeting of the General German Automobile Club.

IRELAND

LEOPARDSTOWN. December 26–7, Races.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 1, Shiho-hai; *3,* Genshi-sai; *5,* Shin-nen-en-kai.

LITHUANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 16, Independence Day.

MONACO

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 17, Fête Nationale.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 21, Foundation Day; *February 15,* Constitution Day.

PARAGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 3, San Blas Day.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 1, Universal Brotherhood Day; *31,* Memorial Day.

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 31, Anniversary of Revolution.

RUSSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 22, Death of Lenin.

SALVADOR

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 15, Morazan Day.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 27, Foundation Day.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 23, King Alfonso's Name Day; *February 17,* Mardi Gras.
BARCELONA. December 31, Fête of San Lucia.
VALENCIA. January 22, St. Vincent's Day.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 10, Nobel Day, distribution of Nobel Prizes.

SWITZERLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 17, Mardi Gras.

URUGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 6, Children's Day; *February 17,* Mardi Gras; *28,* Independence Day.

VICTORIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 27, Foundation Day.

YUGOSLAVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 17, King Alexander's Birthday; *January 27,* St. Sava's Day.

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CORRESPONDENCE

FROM ONE of our most valued friends, Mr. Charles Vezin, of Old Lyme, Connecticut, has come a very striking letter. First congratulating us on the work we are doing to promote world peace by improved international understandings, Mr. Vezin proceeds to the expression of sentiments as courageous as they are outspoken regarding the inexcusable American ignorance of foreign affairs.

OLD LYME
CONNECTICUT

TO THE EDITOR:—

THE LIVING AGE is *sui generis*. It is performing a great service, not only to us but to the world. The French have a saying, 'To understand all is to forgive all.' To forgive all means peace. There would have been no World War if all the belligerents had understood the attitude of their antagonists. And it is this understanding which you are promoting by publishing what enlightened French, English, German, Russian, Italian, Arabian, Indian, Egyptian writers are saying.

Count Keyserling in his book on America says, 'The Americans are utterly lacking in the political sense.' And the picturesque and heroic Count Luckner introduces his absorbing lecture with the sentence, 'I am not going to talk politics to you this evening.' His American audiences do not 'get' that at all, nor do the American readers of Count Keyserling. When Americans speak of 'politics' they mean national, state, municipal, or ward politics. When a German speaks of politics he means *world* politics or international relations, 'war guilt,' etc. And, with this definition of the word, Keyserling is absolutely right. The World War came to America out of a clear sky. Every enlightened European foresaw it, and it was only a question of date and alignment.

And Americans need above all enlightenment on international psychology and on foreign affairs. Thus, British domestic politics possess the greatest potentialities for good or evil for the United States. As long as Herbert Hoover, the Quaker, and Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor leader, are in office there is no danger of war between England and the United States, whereas the late 'Conservative' ministry was drifting toward the maelstrom through commercial rivalries. And, incidentally, a war with Japan alone is quite possible without England, her ally. But a war with England would inevitably mean that we would have to defend ourselves against Japan, England, Canada, and Mexico.

The 'political' and world-economic education you are giving will help at least to forestall a war like the last based on misconceptions.

Very respectfully,
CHARLES VEZIN

Can it be more than a coincidence that we should have received in the past few days three letters from LIVING AGE readers all of whom live not far from the Holy Land? Arriving just in time for Christmas, they indicate once again that our ultimate consumers are as widely scattered over the earth's surface as the sources from which our material is drawn. The first letter is of exceptional interest, coming as it does from Leopold Weiss, who is familiar to nearly all our readers for his exquisite descriptions of the people and landscape of Arabia.

MEDINA, HEJAZ
ARABIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

Owing to my Berlin bookseller's mistake the subscription of THE LIVING AGE has not been renewed up till now. I hope there will be no interruption in the sending of the copies of your excellent review, which has become a sort of an oasis in my Arabian solitude.

I remain, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
LEOPOLD WEISS

The next letter comes from a Quaker who has just returned from the American Friends Mission in Palestine to his Pennsylvania home:—

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PENDLE HILL, WALLINGFORD
PENNSYLVANIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

I have found your paper extremely useful while I was living abroad but I think it will be even more helpful now that I am once more back in this busy country of ours. I like your way of bringing the news from the ends of the earth in a brief but adequate form.

With all good wishes, I remain,
Very sincerely yours,
A. WILLARD JONES

The third, from the American College of Teheran in Persia, brings us to book for a description of a journey across the Caspian Sea and on to the Persian capital which appeared in our June 15 issue. The fact is that we offered this article purely for the sake of its literary merit and atmosphere, relying for its authority on the *Pester Lloyd*, a highly reputable Budapest daily, in which it appeared. Perhaps we should have explained that it was not intended to be contemporaneous. But in any event, we are grateful to Mr. Gurney not only for providing us with so vivid a first-hand description of modern Persia, but also for giving us this opportunity to show that our columns are open to knocks as well as boosts.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF TEHERAN
TEHERAN, PERSIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

In THE LIVING AGE for June 15 there is an article entitled 'From Russia to Persia.' Though interesting it is quite out of date, yet there is no intimation that this is the case. An uninformed person would suppose it was describing things as they are at the present time but this could not possibly be so. Let me specify a few items.

The writer arrives in 'the Persian port of Enzeli.' He is towed slowly along a narrow canal to Resht. In Resht he finds the shops all closed because 'the King of Kings, the Shah of Persia, is about to set forth for Europe.' He goes by post chaise to Teheran and finds that the journey takes four days. On the road up through the mountains he encounters 'one of the camel caravans of the Shah, the vanguard of his European expedition.'

Now, as a matter of fact, the name of that port on the Caspian Sea was changed more than five years ago to Pahlevi, the family and dynastic name of the present Shah. At the present time one may go any day in a passenger auto-lorry from there to Resht in an hour, or in a private car in much less time. The present ruler of Persia, His Majesty Reza Shah Pahlevi, has never set foot in Europe. In fact he has never been outside of Persia except a little way across the border in a military expedition while he was still commander in chief of the army. He was crowned April 24, 1926, but he had been the actual ruler for several years previous to that time. His predecessor, the last member of the Kajar dynasty, who died a few months ago, was already in Europe in virtual banishment. The post chaise was displaced years ago by government auto-post service. His Majesty does not travel by camel caravan but rides in a high-class automobile. Two Rolls-Royce cars and a Renault have served him in recent years, and he has just received from America a gorgeously decorated Pierce Arrow. This splendid car was on exhibition in New York a few months ago before being shipped to Persia.

Persia has been very much Westernized during the last two decades, especially in those parts which, like Teheran and Resht, are most accessible to Western traffic. The use of automobiles, whether private cars, freight trucks, or government lorries, is, perhaps, the most conspicuous evidence of the change. Hundreds of them are seen in all the cities and on all the highways. The picture drawn in the article referred to might have been true to the conditions possibly as late as fifteen or twenty years ago, but it certainly does not portray what is going on now.

FREDERIC J. GURNEY

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

TAKING pot shots at American manners and morals has become a favorite diversion among foreign journalists, but Claude Blanchard's description of an extensive tour he has just made from coast to coast assumes the proportions of a broadside. It was the featured article in a special issue of *Le Crapouillot* devoted wholly to '*L'Amérique et les Américains*' and it was frankly labeled a '*reportage sensationnel.*' We confess to certain misgivings about some of M. Blanchard's alleged revelations but we pass them on because they illustrate what a certain type of French reader likes to hear about the United States and also because they set in bolder relief some wholly admirable descriptive passages.

INSTALLED as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh to succeed the late Lord Balfour, Sir James Barrie made a thoroughly characteristic speech whose many whimseys do not entirely conceal a considerable measure of sound doctrine. His indomitable Scotch temperament protests vigorously in behalf of the individual against the collective tendencies of this day and age.

THE TWO thousandth anniversary of Virgil's birth and the hundredth anniversary of Mistral's give Léon Daudet an excuse to preach a sermon on the Latin genius, taking his illustrious father as his text. Every American schoolboy has surely read *La Dernière Classe* in the schoolroom and *Sapho* on the sly.

ST. JOHN ERVINE, author of *The First Mrs. Fraser* and dramatic critic on the London *Observer*, served as 'guest critic' on the New York *World* two years ago. He has just been visiting Vienna to see the German production of his latest play and he writes of that charming city, describing not only its theatres, but the daily life of its people.

A HITHERTO unpublished poem by Nietzsche gives us an excellent opportunity to make a modest experiment in presenting our readers with an original foreign text. We preface it, however, with a translation of our own which reproduces only the rhythm and not the rhyme of the original. It will be for students of German and connoisseurs of poetry to say whether or not we have caught the spirit, and in any event we shall welcome any comments that this innovation may stimulate.

J. B. PRIESTLEY has developed from a charming essayist into a highly successful novelist with an enthusiastic following on both sides of the Atlantic. His publishers, Harper & Brothers, announce that he is coming to the United States in February for an extended lecture tour in which he will discuss modern American fiction.

FOR THE second month in succession the name of D. H. Lawrence figures conspicuously in our 'Books Abroad' department. The reason we are giving so much attention to a writer who has just died and whose works are not all of them easily available to the general public is that his fame has been growing by leaps and bounds. J. Middleton Murry is filling the pages of the *Adelphi*, which he used to edit, with reminiscences of his friendship with Lawrence and we have selected from T. S. Eliot's *Criterion* a review by Mr. Murry of Lawrence's last book, *The Escaped Cock*, a very unconventional treatment of the story of Jesus which has just been published in Paris. Aldous Huxley, who apparently succeeded Murry in Lawrence's esteem, is now collecting Lawrence's correspondence with a view to building up still further a reputation that already seems firmly established.

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WAR AND PEACE

I AM personally determined to push forward, and as long as I am where I am there will be no war. I will not admit that war should again be let loose upon mankind.—*Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister.*

America is very powerful, perhaps the most powerful state in the world. Great strength implies great responsibility. Even if American interests were in no way involved in the cause of world peace, I am well assured that she would desire to do her share in bringing it to pass, but everyone knows that, as in the case of all other civilized nations, peace is the greatest of American interests.—*Lord Robert Cecil.*

We have renounced war; why have we not renounced armaments?—*Sir Robert Borden, former Canadian Premier.*

At the latest in 1937 a new European war is inevitable, for in the present state of dissension the slightest fire cannot be localized and the first spark will run through a network of allies and counter-allies, igniting the whole.—*Dr. Tiber Eckhardt, Vice President of the Hungarian Frontier Readjustment League.*

In its anxiety, South Africa is beginning to think of asking Europe: How much more armament? And when the question is put I am afraid that Europe will necessarily stand embarrassed, not knowing what answer to make.—*General Hertzog, Premier of the South African Union.*

I think the peace movement in this country and elsewhere has reached a turning point. All arguments based on the horrors of war have pretty nearly reached the limit of their effectiveness. They are no longer biting; they begin to pall; they are not far from being boring. I think we want to get a great deal more devilry into this peace campaign.—*Wickham Steed, former editor of the London 'Times.'*

Our people, however eager for peace—and France was as eager for peace in 1914 as she is to-day—may be called upon to defend themselves. I know well that the Pact of Paris has recently outlawed war and I am proud that my country is one of those to which belongs the credit for the initiative for the step which honors mankind, but branding criminals has never yet prevented crime.—*André Maginot, French Minister of War.*

Five-sevenths of the expenditure of this country is for war and military purposes.—*Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer.*

It is clear that war never has been and never will be a lasting way to peace, because people come out of war with as many misunderstandings and misconceptions as when they went in. There is just one certain way to peace, and that is for the peoples of different countries to understand each other so well that war is unthinkable, and that understanding can only be accomplished through education.—*Dr. Stephen P. Duggan, Director of the Institute of International Education.*

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